

THE



WAR CRY

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,
And all the world go free?"

No, there's a cross for everyone.
And there's a cross for ME."

Bliss and Blister.

Cowardice is the greatest giver of alms.

A waste of time makes a want of eternity.

Heaven seems high to him who is descending.

Don't ring the bell of prayer and run away—waltz.

A ton of pain is lighter than an ounce of shame.

Make your character like your Master's coat—seamless.

Prejudice is a more dangerous enemy to Truth than Falsehood.

To correct one's style means to correct one's thought—nothing else.

Truth never yet proved fatal to any one; there are too many antitheses.

Christianity is not a kind of lofty sentimentalism; it is practical work.

The virtue of paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

To owe gratitude oppresses a coarse nature; to receive it oppresses a fine one.

There is not enough religion in the world to admit of the annihilation of religions.

Not when it is dangerous to tell the truth will she lack a prophet, but only when it is tresome.

For many natures it is as much a duty of cleanliness to change opinions as to change clothes.

Tribulation and sorrow are the only bleaching agents that will whiten the robes of God's people.

We would probably find our co-ses just as hard to bear were we permitted to select them ourselves.

You may birch the Scriptures into a boy, but you won't make him's arch the Scriptures as a man.

Some people's religion is like measles—you never know when they have it until something warms them up.

When a sermon is driven home, it drives the hearer away from home to preach the Gospel to others.

The man who makes broad his phylacteries will never get enough out of it to pay for the stuff he puts in them.

"Christianity applied" is the only thing that will bring salvation and set the hallooing chorus rolling around the world.

"My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself;
My bliss is in my breast."

—Robert Southwell.

MY PRIDE.

By CAPT. THORKILDSON.

Looking over my former career as a man of the world, there certainly was nothing to be proud of. Still, as a proud and haughty soul I kept on for many a dark and dreary day, holding on to that way of life, reasoning myself from what was right and true. But all my pride could n't keep out condemnation, nor help me from sinking under the burden which condemnation brought, still less could it ever shake off the chains of habit and vice. One other sin had plagued me, but I trembled in fear of coming into collision with the customs and opinions of others, from taking steps that the voice of God and my own conscience and reason, told me to take. And after taking that step, fear or appearing foolish kept me from meeting, from time to time, those whom I should have done most of blessings I otherwise may have enjoyed.

Of course, by leaving our all for Christ's sake, we may look foolish to the people who can not see, but will not let us above material things, but fear of appearance when we know we are right, does not come except our selfish pride leads us to seek some selfish vain glory. I

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

Sunday, November 20th, to

Saturday, November 26th.

What will **YOU** do to Help?

know that while in and of the world, trying to drink of wells without water, looking to emptiness itself for my fulness, and trusting in things that would sink and perish with myself, that

I was a Fool.

Sincere I turned to the Lord, and commenced to drink of the water of life freely. I have been told plainly that I was very foolish. But to-day I can say, that as much as I know, I am not so foolish as that. I will be considered a fool and simpleton, with the power and peace and joy of the everlasting God in my soul, than he, and know to be, an empty, dissatisfied, pleasure-seeking, worldly fool, as on that morning. Walking up town that morning, a drunken man was staggering along, ahead of me talking to himself and cursing as he went on. Overgirding him, he noticed me, and seeing that I was a Salvationist, he started to talk. His words are not fit to be put on paper, but he managed to hold on, way back, all about his misery, and at last he said:

"Sometimes I feel I would like to be a Christian, but I would never, never, never walk the streets with the Salvation Army; no, not for fifty dollars."

And why? Too proud, of course. I might have said that I would not walk the streets with anybody in the condition he was, for ten times fifty dollars, but I did not. To-day I do praise God because I am not like other men, but I do praise him that the pride that stopped me from being a passing man, and kept me a passing, as a drunken, cursing man, is dead and all gone.

Self-Development by Self-Sacrifice.

Looking out for one's self is poor business. Forgetting one's self in the pursuit of whatever is worth living for is worth dying for is very good business. He who spoke said that "whoever shall seek to gain his life shall lose it; but whoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." This truth needs saying out and over again, because it is contrary to the wisdom of the world, while it is in accord with the wisdom which God approves. A well-known woman, who ought to know better, and, indeed, whose life has shown that she does know better, has recently said, "Put it down in capital letters, self-sacrifice—opportunity, high duty than self-sacrifice." Yet it is written in letters of blood and of living light all along the centuries, that the true mode of self-development is self-sacrifice. Whoever would attain to true manhood or true womanhood must be ever ready to sacrifice self in order to devote others and to honor God.—S. Times.

"NOW THAT YOU DON'T WANT ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, AND JEWELRY, AND FINERY WITH WHICH TO ADORN YOURSELF, YOU CAN AFFORD TO HELP US IN THE EXPENSE INCURRED IN DECKING OUT SAVIOUR'S CROWN WITH STARS FOR EVER!"—Commissioner Raitton.

"YES, this sin which has sent me weary-hearted to bed and desperate in heart to morning work, that has made my plans miscarry until I am a coward, that cuts me off from prayer, that robs the sky of blueness and the earth of spring time, and the air of freshness, and human faces of friendliness—this blasting sin which perhaps has made my bed in Hell for me so long—this can be conquered. I do not say annihilated, but better than conquered, captured and transfigured into a friend: so that I at last shall say 'My temptation has become my strength; for to the very fight I owe my force.'

and over again. She resolved at last she would go again on the following Sunday evening. She went back where the officer could not see her, but the truth found her out, and at the close of the meeting, she, with several others, knelt at the penitent form. God heard her cry and set her free.

She returned to her father full of joy, and told him she would stay in Hartlepool now, as she had found what her soul needed (salvation). She joined the corps and began to work for God, and since she has been for many others over to Christ, and I heard last summer that she was still satisfied and working for the salvation of others.

Wm. B.

S.-D. Crackers.

Self-Denial is essential to success in the Salvation War.—The General.

Most men are slaves to their appetite, and cannot live without satisfying the flesh, and are therefore wilfully carried by it to their sports, or profits, or vain companions.—Baxter's Sain's Rest.

In Holland a Captain, during the Self-Denial Week, spent her time nursing cholera victims. When the doctor found that she was not strong enough to care for the patients, he sent for assistance at once to the Salvation Army, believing that we are always ready to help.

A corps' captain, making a Self-Denial collection in the open air amongst the poor, a washerwoman stepped up to him and said, "Captain, I am a poor, hard-working woman, and have not much, but if you will accept these two shillings I shall be pleased."

A man who lived in the same house with one of our French soldiers, to his side, one night, in a state of intoxication, and said to him, "Stay, I am going to drink another pint, when suddenly the thought came to me that this was your Self-Denial, and I decided I had better give this money to you for your work."

Mind, no one can refuse self-denial without taking the consequences. To visit the sick, and the prisoners, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; all these are acts of self-denial, and my Bible tells me of a crowd who went to hell charged with the offence of not doing these things. But still many who are doing them will go to the same place as those that are not.

William Carey counted it a joy to defend himself for the poor Indians.

"I have not been dry day nor night from the third day I came to the shore, and I travelled from place to place in that condition, and at night I pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But," he adds, "God steps in and helps me."

I repeat, there is no happiness in having or getting, but only in giving. And half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They consist in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving and serving others. "He that would be great among you," said Christ, "let him be least; for that there is but one way—it is more blessed, it is more happy to give than to receive."—Drummond.

If you will give anything, give bountifully, take your hands full, as if you're sowing, like the poor widow with her two mites, which she sowed out freely though it was her whole substance. But the rich ones were not so liberal, but covetously offered only what they could spare very well. Is it not a good idea to sell, "my salvation," sow with hands full, and so should we. What we do to our neighbor, is the same as if it were done to God Himself. If done in faith and love.—Bogatsky's Golden Treasury.

"The whole Bible is an inventory of the treasures that are freely given to us, and yet we cannot reckon our wealth, for 'all things are yours.' Possessing the one unspeakable gift, Jesus Christ Himself, is 'possessing all things.'

"As every man hath received the gift, even the same." How will you do this? Can you make an inventory of all your possessions—of dollars and cents? Is that what you have received? Is that as what you have received? Will you not say "I will freely sacrifice with Thee?"—Sacred! What? Francis Reddy Havergall.

LAMENTATIONS

Of Ex-Sergeant Demas Over Self-Denial Week.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN DEMAS AND A STRANGER.

BY THE GENERAL

Stranger: Well, Sergeant, I am glad to see you again. How are you? And how are your dear friends, the Salvationists, going on? I haven't seen the happy night I spent with them the last time I was this way, nor lost the opportunity to speak at my seat at the meeting. I shall always be thankful for your introduction. I want to know more about them. I hope they are all righting up.

Demas: Well, yes. I remember the opportunity to which you referred, we had a good meeting. They used to have very lively times at the old barracks, but I don't think they are doing as well now, I haven't been up late y.

An Awkward Reminder.

Stranger: Why, Sergeant? Whatever is the matter? When I was here before, your wife told me that there was no keeping you away from the meetings for the meetings, and you will remember she laughingly suggested you should have a frindle bed underneath the platform, have your men brought up and stay there afterwards?

Demas: Yes, I confess that I was very much taken up with the Army in those days; but my views have undergone a change since then, and I see things now in quite a diff'rent light, and I feel it my duty to draw off a little.

Stranger: Surely you are not throwing them up? I see that you haven't got the tricolor ribbon on your coat as you had before, and I do not see the "Grace before Meat" Box on your counter, and there is no peacock hanging up there to stop telling what is going on at the barracks—surely you have not deserted your old friends?

Sergeant: Well, no—not exactly. I think they still have my name on the roll, and the Captain has drawn me along every other day, bothering me about going to the meetings, but to tell the truth, they don't do things altogether in a way I approve of—in fact, there has been a great deal going on there for a long time which is contrary to my judgment, and with it for a wife, and at last I took my stand, and unless they alter they won't see any more of me or of my money.

Stranger: Come, this is a sudden change! It cannot be more than six months since I was here, and you were frantically in love with the Army from top to bottom, and with the officers, and the way they do things, in fact, don't you remember recommending me to go home and get our Stocky turned into a Corps, the Church into a Barracks, and make our Minister Captain, and then offer the whole lot to the General, and then offer the whole lot to the General?

Sergeant: Yes! I talked some random stuff then I guess, as I have often done since; but these are not my sentiments to-day.

Stranger: Well, random or not, you have evidently been backslidin' a bit, going down to goodness in the Captain's eyes, in that wonderful meeting. But what is the real reason of this alteration?

The Collection Obligation.

Sergeant: Well, to tell you the truth, the chief thing that I did not like in the Army was the everlasting beggarin'. It was give, give, take, give, and nothing else. There was no meeting indoors or out, without a collection, and sometimes more than one. Juniors, or Social, or Quarterly, or Foreign, or something, until I got sick of it.

Sergeant: Well, I suppose you can't carry on a Corps without money, so I wouldn't argue about the great work that the Army is admittedly doing up and down the world. The Captain and the Treasurer and the rest of them did not put the money into their pockets, did they?

Sergeant: Oh, no! They paid it away. I suppose, in Officers' Salaries, Rent of Barracks, Gas, and the other things.

Sergeant: Just so! And I expect you had a fair share of the servil's of the Officers and the use of the Barracks and other things? And you

know you said when I was here that you got your soul saved in the dear old place, and your wife also, and one of the children, and that the Officers worked like galley slaves, and there were more members in the Army than in the Corps than any place of worship in town. Come, now—you had a good pull out of the affair, and you ought not to begrudge helping to pay the expenses.

Sergeant: Well, yes! There is something in that; but then, you see, there was so much of it, and you can have too much of a good thing, can you not?

A Simple Sum in Addition.

Sergeant: But I might ask you to put down what you think the saving of your soul was worth, and to add to it the value of the souls of the Missus and the boy, and then the value: o' course, you all saved. And then I might ask you to total the amount, and then add to it the sum you thought you had paid as much as it would come to. But I won't pursue that line of argument, but ask, is that the only reason you have to give for leaving your friends to fight the battle?

Sergeant: Well, that is not quite all. It was the Self-Denial Effort, I announced that was the last feather; and I said as soon as it was mentioned that I could stand it no longer. I had my ill of that affair last year.

Sergeant: Self-Denial Effort? Will you please explain what that is? I am an institution. I have not heard of it before. Of course, I have heard of the Army, as I said at the beginning, and I shall be glad if you will give me a little information.

What is Self-Denial Week?

Sergeant: Well, you see, a week is set aside by the General in which the Soldiers of the Army in every part of the world make a special effort to deny themselves the luxuries of life.

This is expected to give all they possibly can out of their earnings, and if they have any savings they must be giving some of them out. And more than that, if they have any clothes they can do without, or any clothes in the shape of hats or coats or the like, which would fetch money, they must sell them. And then they are expected to cut down their living expenses—do with plainer food and generally deny themselves of all luxuries for that one week especially, and send the money they have to this fund to help the soldiers to work, wages, right and left, of their relatives and neighbors, and one way or another they get together a very respectable sum of money.

Sergeant: Well, I am sure that sounds excellent! All at it, and all at it in different ways, and all at it all the week, denying themselves and giving the money to help the soldiers—that must be good. But do they do anything else besides gather the money?

Sergeant: Oh, yes. They fast and pray, and hunt up the backsliders, I suppose they will put me down as one of them for the coming week, and I shall be maledicent, and pray, and fast, and then have special meetings for days before, early and late. I must confess that there was last year a great stirrin' up of the soldiers, and the Captain said that there was a great deal of good done.

What is Done with the S.D. Money?

Sergeant: You interest me very much. I understand more about the plan, and how it before the Obergymnase on my return, and see if I cannot persuade him to do something like it. Now, pray tell me what do they do with the money they raise in this manner? I suppose you object to it being sent to the backsliders, and argue, and plead, and apply until a man feels miserable unless he does something that will nearly equal the expectations of those about him.

Sergeant: What amount did your Corps raise last year?

Sergeant: Well, you see, our Corps had 200 Soldiers, and they raised about £250. That is a large sum for a few poor people to have to get together.

Sergeant: Oh, no, no, no! They would not get a penny if it was thought they spent the money on such things.

Stranger: Well, then, on what do they spend it?

Sergeant: Well, there are a lot of things all clubbed together. For instance, among other things in connection with this Self-Denial Week that is just coming on, they want, they say, to help the millions of India, where they have already got hundreds of Native Officers, and want to train a large number more; to carry on the war amongst the colored people of the towns and cities of South Africa, and amongst the tribes in the native Reserves. Then, we're to push the battle in Japan, where they have already got Soldiers and Cadets; and in Java, where among other converts they have twenty Chinamen and one Cors; in France where the work is so difficult; in Germany, in Belgium, in South Africa, and in a great many other places. Then a part of this money, they say, is going to support the Officers in the Slums, to rescue the poor lost girls of the streets, and assist the Workless in the Labor Factories and Schools. In the string of things which has been brought out and spread before us, for which they want help, is simply enormous.

A Self-Denial Convert.

Sergeant: Well, doesn't that sound most attractive? Who would not like to deny himself to help toward such mighty and Christian operations? I am sure I will do my little share. You must give me the date of the week. I will write it down in my pocket book, and though I am a little short just now, I must scrape £5 together somehow, and send it along. I shall do more, I hope, and do well, if only for the mere pleasure of offering the Lord a gift which costs me something, to help forward a work which must be so near His heart. How do you think so?

Sergeant: Well, yes. That is all very good, but you see, there is no end to this kind of thing! The more you give the more you may, and in fact, the more you must in the Army, for I believe that if the General could only see the day when all these things he has afloat were adequately supplied, he would simply encourage him to go to his senses the very next day after.

It is my opinion that it is the General only who is always discovering some outlandish people who need saving, or some poor wretches who are next door to starvation, but that there are lots of Officers about him who are always demanding him. It is not business now, but were I allowed to give a little advice, I should say that I think the time has come when the General should sit down contented with what he has already got on his hands, and have a little more time to let other people have a little as well, and there, bids my soul, it is no use, and I am going out of the whirl of the thing for a time anyhow.

Sergeant: But here—stop a bit! Tell me more about the raising of the money. Do the Officers fix the amount every man has to give and punish him in some way if he does not come up to the mark?

The Voluntary Principle.

Sergeant: It has not exactly come to that yet, although I expect it will do eventually. At present at least it is all voluntary; but everyone is put on the mark and made to give, with arguments, pleadings, and appeals until a man feels miserable unless he does something that will nearly equal the expectations of those about him.

Sergeant: What amount did your Corps raise last year?

Sergeant: Well, you see, our Corps had 200 Soldiers, and they raised about £250. That is a large sum for a few poor people to have to get together.

Sergeant: Yes, so it is. Did you contribute all that sum yourselves?

Sergeant: No, not exactly. There are a few people round about us who are in sympathy with the effort. They won't give us anything at any other

time of the year, but they pay when they see us doing so much in the self-sacrificing way—every man, woman and child denying themselves—that they cannot but for shame assist us, and think the amount they contribute well done.

Stranger: Well was not the object, by your own confession, worthy of the struggle they made?

Porridge and Potatoes with Thanks

Sergeant: Oh, yes, I must say it was, and I think everybody else thought so, but this was the way the Officers pushed the thing on, and forced it, and caused them to do without houses, and without almost the very necessities of life. For instance, our Captain told the people one day that he thought that if they lived on porridge and potatoes just for one week, and gave the Lord the thanks for it, they would be better for it. He said this was not the wrong way for it. He said he was going to do it himself. Indeed, they went to such a pass in this direction that it was like interfering with your free agency, and it kind of made people give whether they would or not, and it was that compulsion that I object to.

Stranger: Well, was anyone hurt by the effort? Do you know any Soldier or anyone else who suffered from the tasting. Did anyone die over it, and the Jury bring in a verdict of "Died through living an entire week on porridge and potatoes?"

Sergeant: Oh, dear, no! I don't think anything of the kind—I believe no one was even injured—still there it was, and it must appear to any sensible person to be an unjustifiable subject to dictate what people should eat and drink in connection with Religion, especially when it is plainly stated that they would be expected to bring the amount of the savours effected into the funds.

Nobody the Worse.

Sergeant: I do not see it at all; in fact, the whole scheme, so far as you have explained it, really appears to me most admirable, and I would certainly go back and persuade our Clergyman to get up a Self-Denial Week. But we must call it by another name, or else they will say we are imitating the Salvation Army. But before I sign boards and such like, let me just put my question a little more, for I want to be satisfied on this aspect of the question. Did you suffer then, or at any other time, or has your wife or your son, or anybody else you know, sustained any loss in body, soul or spirit, or any disease or any other ill consequences of anything they did or gave, or any sacrifice they made for the saving of the lost and helping the poor and the wretched?

Sergeant: I cannot say they have.

I am sure I did not myself.

Sergeant: Then let me ask you one other question. Suppose you were to commence from this moment, and continue to the end of your life, if it lasted a hundred years to deny yourself of all the comforts and luxuries of existence, toiling night and day without cessation, saving every penny of the result, and giving it all to the Lord at the end of that time you could go and lay it all at your Master's feet to help Him save the millions now living in poverty, wallowing in sin, dying in despair, and perishing forever, would it be too much to give Him all that He has done for you?

Demas Penitent.

Sergeant: No, certainly not, and I begin to feel very miserable and ashamed of my grumbling and dissatisfaction.

Sergeant: And well you may, Sergeant; I am very much ashamed of you myself, and if I may give you a little advice, as you have given me a great deal, come up to the Barracks and go down at the Peasant Farm at the very next meeting, and confess to God before your comrades your backslidin' and selfishness, and again offer yourself and all you possess to live, suffer, toil, and sacrifice for His sake and the salvation of man as long as God shall give you the great privilege of doing so, and then get the Captain to let all the Soldiers join you in singing,

"Dear Saviour, how can I repay. The mighty debt I owe?"

Here, Lord, I give myself away,

"'Tis all that I can do."

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

Great Britain.

The General visited Glasgow last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and has seen a time of remarkable power, with sweeping baptism of love. Col. Lovell reported 1,000 candidates, up to all meetings, and sums up the immediate results of this meeting with 243 souls at the penitent form.

Many of the London newspapers have given interesting sketches of the Army's work among the Hooligans.

The Chief-of-the-Staff has opened his Winter Campaign by meeting 250 London Corps Cadets and treating them to one of his intensely practical talks.

Mr. Bramwell Booth also conducted a Young People's Campaign at Manchester. About 550 young people had paid their own fare from different parts of Lancashire to unite with their Manchester comrades and enjoy the Chief's teaching. 12 were sent out for cleansing, and 85 Candidates were the immediate results of this campaign.

The charge of obstruction brought against our officers in Nottingham has been up for trial and has ended in a complete victory for the Army.

United States.

At Columbus, Ind., two officers were arrested for holding open-air meetings, but the mayor released them upon their own recognizance, without bond. The papers add that the same evening a prize fight was held that made enough noise to drown the Salvation Army meeting and drum, but the fight was permitted.

The Consul successfully launched the Philadelphia Rescue Campaign by special services in two well-known churches of the Quaker City.

The Commander has just opened the fortith American Shelter at Cincinnati. The building is supplied with 75 beds and is a great credit to the Army.

251 persons applied in one month at the New York Labor Bureau, 158 of whom were found positions.

Italy.

The first officer in Italy who came out from amongst the Italians has been promoted to Glory. His name was Lieut. Giammetti, and he came out of Florence corps. He had done one year's service in the war, and was much beloved by all who knew him. His last work consisted in walking from village to village selling War Crys; in fact, acting as a Salvation coupteur. His last march of this description was from Florence to Venetia, where he talked ill with what proved to be typhoid fever. Brigadier Clithorow visited him before his death, when he gave a clear and happy testimony.

Australasia.

The General is expected to visit Australasia next February.

Adelaide, which is the Army's Australian birthplace, has a large barracks. Outside the Territorial Headquarters, Melbourne, the new block of buildings is the most imposing, commanding and by far the most valuable of any single Army property in Australia.

New Homes in connection with the Rescue Work are being opened at Charters Towers and Broken Hill.

A large crowd of Christian Endeavorers, some hundreds strong, attending their annual convention, visited some of our Melbourne Social Institutions. They were more than delighted with what they saw.

The Commandant's Self-Denial Sunday at Bendigo, scored close on £250 for the day.

The Commandant is hard pressed at the office with mighty problems, but is finding the time to visit at week-ends, some of the camps held in Victoria and New South Wales—Albury, Goulburn, Bendigo, Beechua and Kyabram, being so favored. The Castlemaine "go" was

a tremendous success, and the lecture, illustrated by lime light, is to be repeated at each of the centres named.

During the early part of this month, New Zealand will record the opening of three new barracks, built according to our own plans and specifications—viz.: Gisborne, Waipawa and Wangaihi.

The Commandant's series of lectures at the Training Home are being much relished by the coming officers.

"YES, YOU MUST DO IT. YOU MUST LOSE SOMETHING FOR HIM, DENY SOMETHING FOR HIS SAKE, TAKE UP THE BURDEN OF THE CROSS—THAT IS, THE BURDEN OF SUFFERING FOR SINNERS—AND GO AFTER HIM!"—The Chief-of-the-Staff.

Meeting interview with Brigadier Ranch on the Social Work.

200 men can be accommodated at the Cape Town Metropole.

China.

Several ships have called at the harbor of Hong Kong, and Staff-Capt. Symons has been kept busy at the Naval and Military Home. The Staff-Captain has also been visiting the ships and holding meetings on board, with the result that he has seen several souls got saved, amongst them a petty officer. Some of the policemen in the town have also been visiting the Home, and in some cases they have sent men along and paid for their bed and keep.

"Desert the Ship?—Never!"

[At the burial of the late Brigadier John Read, Commissioner Rees, in his address, remarked that during a period of storm and stress in Canada, Brigadier and Mrs. Read stepped into his office one morning and said: "Commissioner, we just want to say that when the old ship rocks we'll stand by to steady her, but never desert her—NEVER!"]

The black andullen waters of life's ocean rose and fell; There were forms of struggling swimmers borne upon its glassy swell; And their shrieks of pain and terror rent the dark clouds and the skies As they strove, and battled fiercely, in their dying agonies. Up to the great Creator, up to the Courts of Heaven. Rose His creatures' cry of anguish, whom to save His Son was given. And His heart was moved with pity for those souls upon the wave, So He launched a noble vessel them to rescue and to save. She was named *Salvation Army*, fashioned large and trim and true, Strong of faith, and sted of heart, where her captain and her crew; And to save the struggling swimmers all resolved to dare and do.

Though the winds may roar, and the waters rage, with vain endeavor they storm. Not a fear have we, of the rage of the sea, while rescuing souls from harm. The ship may rock, and the lightnings shock—her cables too may sever, We'll stand by to steady 'er, but never DESERT her—NEVER!

The demons of the pit, fierce in conclave met and swore, Destruction to the vessel, she should resile souls no more. So they loosed every storm-fend from the caverns of despair, And their passionate disportings, howls and shriekings filled the air. Then they feed the crashing thunders; hurled the lightning's scouring flash; Drove the long and heaving billows; made them break with murderous crash High above the labouring vessel; strove to swamp her with their might; While the foamy waves upswelling, white the blackness of the night. A great commotion rent the stormy sky, the still deep ocean, The giant timbered hull and her metal walls tremble as with pain: But the One who did create her holds her safely in His grip. And no hell-misted storm or cyclone can wreck or sink that ship; So the baffled storm fiends downwards to their cavern prisons slip.

The thus defeated demons next in conclave did agree To sink the ship *Salvation*, whilst on a summer sea, Bidden ships and rocks, slight sunk beneath the simmering wave, So what weathered storms, 'neath sunny skies should find a watery grave. The sun shone forth in smiling day; the balmy breezes blew. A peacefulness was all around, and languid were the crew. With sail full spread, and rocks ahead, the ship in danger speeds. Can ship in such a plight be saved, unless God intercedes? God does—thunder-clap peals out; the sky is overcast; A squall blows hard; the breakers roar; to their posts the crew spring fast. "Bout ship!" rings out, her course is changed, and all the danger past.

A sad, yet joyful company stand by the vessel's side To place a shipmate's lifeless course into the flowing tide Thro' sunny seas and raging storms, great toils and dangers thick, He faithful to his vows had been—did not desert the ship, But now his toils are o'er, barque moored, and ended his last "trip."

Loud the Harp harped, and sang the praises of the Blood That had them the victory gotten—on a Sea of Glass they stood. Loud welcomed they the Mariner to the Fiery, Glassy floor, With a Crown of Glory decked him, to his hand a Harp they bore: Cried they—"True and just the King of Saints' is, he shall praise Him evermore!"

Though the clouds may be black, the sun is behind; the rolling waves will calm down.

Though long be the voyage and hard be the toil, in Port there's a golden crown Then cheer up thy shipmates! Make God and the Ship your choice and your portion forever!

When see rocks do thy duty and stand by her then, but never DESERT her—no

NEVER!

INDIAN TESTIMONIES.

Below we print the testimonies just as given Indian Salvationists, who came to the Toronto Anniversary meetings.

The Chief's Testimony.

I am surprised that you Toronto people ask us to sing. Why, yesterday (Saturday) coming along the street a gentleman made the remark that we Indians are not yet just as much civilized as you are. I mentioned I have heard her speak of England, so surely she must have been there; of Toronto, so she must have been here too. Just as the time came this fall for the Salvation Army to meet in Toronto, the Indians will come for us to meet at the Judd's bid, and give account of the deeds we have done upon this earth. Hallelujah!

• • •

Brother George Obatawayay's Testimony.

I thank God that He ever led me into the right way, and that the Salvation Army did catch me. I have a little trouble now, but I do not have to work. I keep from the whisky. I have been a drunkard all my life ago, and itself God helped me two years ago, and itself the happiest two years of my life. I'm going to be faithful and go to heaven.

• • •

Brother Wilson Ga K's Testimony

(Interpreted by the Chief)

I am thankful to God that He ever led me in the right way. Some time ago some white folk say that Indian have no soul, but I believe there is a place in heaven for Indians. The Salvation Army came along and told me that I had a soul, and that I could be saved. I am going to be faithful and do what is right and there will be a place in heaven for me.

Lisgar Street Corps' Anniversary Sunday.

Wonderful manifestation of God's saving power. Adj't. Wiggins and wife, Capt. Clark and wife, and others, they will long remember the result of their earnest appeal for sinners to farewell from sin. ELEVEN souls knelt at the penitent form crying for deliverance from their different besetting sins, and some for sanctification in the holiness meeting. Capt. White did not make a speech, but was struck with conviction as could be seen on their faces. The visit of those who went out of our corps to fight against the devil and for God, were heartily welcomed back, and the barracks was crowded all day. The dedication of the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Linn and wife was a solemn but joyful service. Three of our comrades got enrolled under the banner of the corps. At night grand meeting, the power of the Holy Ghost was felt, and many were convicted and a large number help up their hands for prayer. Four came forward and magnificently sang "Hallelujah, Amen." How is that for a day's work for God? The old devil must have howled with rage at that sight. We are looking and praying for a great revival in our corps.—Bro. S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING?

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR?

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your disposal his knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Mr. Joe A. Sweeten, R. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

Africa.

Commissioner and Mrs. Ridderup are doing extensive tours in the Southern and Native Provinces.

The building extension at the Diefontaine Social Farm is going up rapidly. It will provide increased accommodation for over thirty men.

Woolstock Circle is an up-to-date centre of salvation life. The most beautiful sights was witnessed at the famous "Links Corner" on Saturday, when a poor drunk and a well-dressed lady knelt side by side at the drum-head seeking the mercy of God.

The Cape Town Argus printed an in-

LIPPINCOTT.—Sunday another day of events and rejoicing. The Spirit of God made itself manifest in our holiness meeting—four souls for sanctification. Afternoon we had a visit from our Indian comrades, Chieft Charles Obatin, Mr. Bros. and Mr. Obatawayay and Wilson Ga K. We were joined with three songs, being sung in real northern style, the one, "Ie sa gun gwed Ish pe ming." ("I'm going home to die no more.") by special request, was most heartily enjoyed by all present. You can have it in which you like, English, French, Indian. We preferred Indian, and Indian it was. One soul for pardon. At night a large crowd gathered at our open-air and inside meeting, this being the farewell of three of the Cadets in other parts of the battle-field.—Rert.

teresting interview with Brigadier Ranch on the Social Work.

Mrs. Brigadier Read

Leads Council with Women's Social Officers.

Our hearts were still warm and aglow with the beautiful influences of the previous conference by our beloved Commissioner, and perhaps we felt that there was very little, if anything left unsaid.

But as we gathered around our leader, dear Mrs. Read, in the cosy sitting-room of the Women's Shelter, our numbers were many more, but we were cheered, blessed and helped, as we listened to her earnest and inspiring words.

In looking back over the past year we have much to encourage us. About 600 girls have passed through the Rescue Home during the year. A large number of them have been truly converted, and to-day are soldiers in the Army which was the means of leading them to God.

Also our Shelters are doing well; in fact we have every reason to be thankful for the past year. Some rapid strides have been made. God has indeed blessed the labors of the Rescue-home.

But we have one great bugbear that hinders our progress, that is a lack of officers. Officers! Oh, how much

some of our comrades are needed at the front to-day. Women and nurses who will take the message of hope to the victims of despair.

Mrs. Read, in some of her remarks, spoke of the utter helplessness, apparently, of some of our cases. We find them everywhere, on the street, in our court-rooms, in the prison cells; people who have lost hope. But they make the brightest gems when we get them to the front, and they are saved. What we need to do is to save them, put our arms around them and cheer them, and point them to Mary's Christ.

Then each one in our little meeting takes up their own heart, and God comes very near. And we separated, feeling that more than ever before, we were bound together as one band with one purpose—seeking the lost—and with our arms linked in our Master's we are certain of victory.—Yours under the Flag, E. H.

STILL A CHANCE FOR YOU.

We have had replies in answer to our appeal in the Cry some time ago for officers, but we still require eight or ten godly, consecrated women for the Women's Social Work. Especially do we need several trained nurses. Apply at once to Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

"THE GREAT EFFORT OF CHRIST FOR THE SALVATION OF A RUINED WORLD ORIGINATED WITH A SACRIFICE, AND MUST BE CARRIED FORWARD ON THE SAME LINES. HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME, THEREFORE I CANNOT GIVE HIM LESS."

SPECIAL.

The following report we print just as received by us. (Please note that the word "exterminate" means "to destroy, to annihilate" according to the dictionary.) The report is all right, only remember not to use words unless you are familiar with their meaning:

M.—Sunday evening his Satanic Majesty entered our meeting in the shape of a young man when one of our boys came before him with the what painful duty of exterminating him from our midst, while the Captain held the fort, the Lieutenant led the charge, and one backsider returned to our God. Hallelujah. Our corps is clear of debt. Glory to God!—Yours advancing, A. H. H.

Centralettes.

The October Congress is now a thing of the past, and the officers have gone back to their respective commands inspired and encouraged. By this time the arrangements for the great S.-D. fight are well in hand, and if we mistake not, there will be another splendid victory scored in the Central.

There have been several changes, which we have reason to believe will work out to the advantage of the war zone. Ensign and Mrs. Attwell have been promoted of the Barricade Corps to Stroud. Lieut. Jackson goes to Aurora, and Mrs. Stevens' Corps are transferred to the Toronto District, while Barrie is compensated by having Midland (Capt. McClelland) Coldwater (Orilla (Capts. Creamer and Stevens), taken on. Bracebridge District is now piloted by Adjt. Capt. Louie Matthews. Consultations, Captain! Capt. White, late of Hamilton I, takes hold of Huntsville, and will do well. Capt. Wicks and Capt. Paxton have gone to Abbie Harbor. Grenadier Corps is transferred to the Bracebridge District, thus swalloving up Orilla District entirely.

Capt. Barker and Darrach and Lieut. Daley have taken charge of Oshawa. The fight here is very difficult, but there will be a move in the right direction very soon. Capt. Wiseman goes to Braddock.

Hamilton District receives two new Lieutenants from the Women's Training Garrison, in the persons of Lieut. Donaldson and Lieut. Cooper, the former going to Dundas and the latter to St. Catharines. Lieut. Fisher is promoted to the rank of Captain, and is appointed to assist Adjt. Taylor at Hamilton I. Still another promotion, Capt. Mainland if you please, takes charge of Hamilton II, with Lieut. Crego to assist. Oakville, in the hands of Capt. White, is all right. Capt. Smith is supplying at Dundas for a few weeks.

The portly Adjt. Wiggins, with his better and lesser half, holds the fort at Lindsay. Capt. O'Neill and wife are at Fenelon Falls, while Lieut. Cook, from the Women's Training Garrison goes to assist Capt. Culbert, at Uxbridge.

Lieut. Capper dons the red braid, and with Lieut. Edwards, will do a real good thing at Chesley. Lieut. Fell moves into Brantford, while CAPT. Renfrew and Lieut. Richardson re-opens Meaford. Fetherstonhaugh Circle is in command of no less a dignitary than Capt. Brant, who is assisted by Lieut.

Sudbury District will be run from the Provincial Headquarters. Capt. Sherwin and Lieut. Ward will manage. Daniels moves to Sudbury. Capt. Stephen (lately Lieutenant in charge at Oakville), assisted by Lieut. McLennan, will push the war at North Bay. Capt. Hart has gone to Little Current, and will be assisted by the newly-promoted Capt. Malopring.

Capt. Hanna and Lieut. Wadge have taken charge of Brampton, and if hard work will accomplish anything, they are the people to do it. Welcome to Central Province, but especially to Lippincott. Adjt. Moore, Capt. Chariton and Lieut. Gray are incapable and good assistants. Adjt. Moore comes from furlough and will lead on at Lisgar St., assisted by Capt. McDonald, while Capt. Hart will do likewise pro tem. Capt. Rose will do well at Galt. Capt. Ethel Taylor, Capt. Lett, Capt. and Mrs. Jones, Capt. Pallin and Capt. Mitchell have gone on furlough.

A real splendid soul-saving work is going on in Toronto. 9 souls at Yorkville, 6 at the Temple, 4 at Richmond St., and 2 at Riverside, are amongst the recent captures reported in the city.

St. Catharines has been a very hard field for soul-saving, but in the past two or three weeks several souls have sought salvation.

The Chief Secretary dedicated Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Margret's baby at Lippincott on Sunday.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will **YOU** do to Help?



Self-Defence.

He was in a rage!

Mr. Self-indulgence was really mad. I call him Mr. because this generally is the way he is addressed; in reality he is in a near relation to his Satanishness.

Only that morning he had received a large parchment containing a proclamation signed by Apollyon, having attached to it the seal of the Nether Region. And this is the information the proclamation contained:

The Salvation Army are having again their obnoxious Self-Denial Week and more desperate efforts are being made to unite people not only to give up of the things they can afford, but to induce everybody to give up all. It is felt to be a real denial of self. Mr. Self-Indulgence was reminded of his allegiance to Apollyon and exhorted to use all weapons at his command to quell the practice of Self-Denial.

Mr. Self-indulgence was severely shocked; he was no believer in exertion. He had risen late that morning, and after a most sumptuous breakfast, had sunk back in his cushioned armchair, his slippers feed resting on a magnificent tiger skin. He loved the old and mediæval and was conserv-

ative in the extreme. Still, he recognized that possibly his very existence depended on immediate action, so he reached down a tremendous long sword called the Appetite of the Flesh; with it he is confident he will largely defeat the Self-Denial efforts of the Salvation Army.

This above information was given to me by Capt. by a reliable authority, and we pass it on in case it is read, as we have no doubt that old Self-Indulgence's Sword will show its edge to all those who are going to practice some real Self-Denial, in order to better help the S.-D. Let us all valiantly fight the old rascal.

FALLEN.

What a world of heartaches, sorrow and shame is implied by that little word—fallen.

There she is, in the porch of a large public building, with the child of her shame, and yet the one thing that binds her to life, in her arms, at last blessed with a little sleep.

The policeman came round to try the doors; his foot stumbled against a soft heap, suspiciously he lets the light of his lantern fall upon it—it is only a fallen girl with her child. Although frequent acquaintances with criminals had somewhat hardened his feelings, yet this sight was too much for him so young! Should he send for the patrol and have her put into a cell with a lot of drunken and brutal old-timers?

"No, she shall have a chance," he muttered.

Quickly he telephones to the Rescue Home of the Salvation Army, and soon the girl is safely housed there.

Her story was exceedingly pathetic. She had been brought up by well-to-do parents and possessed a good education. At comparatively young years she had passed all her examinations triumphant, and after two years successful teaching had received a position as teacher on the high school staff not far from her native town. Here the devil had set the trap for her soul. She was introduced in some of the best families of that town, and met

there a young fellow, extremely handsome and equally wicked. He was the biggest—good-for-nothing in town. As it frequently happens, Lily, as we will call her, although rather sensible in most matters, was entirely blind to the unprincipled disposition of Frank, who was a confirmed drunkard. He had desired her. He had won with some diplomacy, not a very hard task in winning her confidence. Lily was warned, but she would not listen, and attributed to jealousy all that was told her by other girls. Her acquaintance of his admiration and affection, until he had accomplished his designs and thrown her overboard shortly afterwards.

Her circumstances forced her to resign her position. She returned to her home, and with the support from her father and brother, when the truth was known, and her mother, although desirous to shield her, was unable to protect the girl. She had to leave home.

Lily went to the city, to look for a situation. She obtained one for a few months. Then her child was born. When she returned from the hospital she was not admitted to the house again. That night, penniless, after wandering about the streets all day, and hungry and tired she had sought a little rest in the shelter of a porch.

If ever a girl appreciated the love shown her in the Rescue Home—and there are some that can't do it—it was Lily. The matron was overjoyed, when Lily, one Sunday morning, knelt by her side and gave her heart to God.

A few weeks after that, an unexpected opportunity opened to find her a situation as teacher again. There was no deception practised. The Board was informed of all the circumstances, and she could take her position without threading that the past might be discovered and that such discovery might bring her back into misery. Her child she placed with some godly people, whom she pays for its support.

Lily is to-day a living power for God and a continual testimony to the saving strength of Christ.

"This is Christlike work," you say, sympathetically.

Yes, it is. You may not be able to do it personally, but you may be able to help the devoted and self-sacrificing Rescue Officers of the Salvation Army do it.

And how? Self-Denial Week is coming on. Give your donation willingly and as large as you can. Deny yourself of something that will make you feel the sacrifice, and so teach you to enjoy the mutual pleasure of giving.

\$1670 dollars a year will support a girl in the Rescue Home. Sixteen dollars to save a girl from the streets. Sixteen dollars to win a soul back to God and goodness. Can you find a better investment for your money? What will YOU do during Self-Denial Week?

"I do not care." You do not? Be sure that you get those words in the right connection.

TWO PICTURES.

A Self-Denial Story.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

The thought expressed in these few lines was suggested to my mind some little time ago while thinking of our greatest annual effort, and which is now before us again. Study these pictures carefully:

No. I.—Corinth, the beautiful.

No. II.—Phillip, the poor.

Artist.—The world's greatest Artist.

I.

You may draw closer. This is picture No. I.—Observe the sunny background, in which the special feature of the painting is set. Were that figure more comely, its golden settings would have presented a picture that would ravish the vision, and capture the admiration of angels in heaven and saints on earth. Alas! that the glittering groundwork should contribute to make the hideous monster, set out in ghastly relief, more horribly repulsive. If you can face the ordeal, look for a moment at the eyes, rolling continuously in their bony orbits for greed. Note the sensuous gaping mouth. Mark the clinched hands of this stooping monstrosity, suggesting its main characteristic—"grab-all"—and suddenly you learn its name—"Covetousness."

Ah, Corinth! the pride of the world in thy day, Repository of that which was costliest and finest in art—it remained for thee to give to succeeding generations of the race a picture, portraying that covetousness which had sunk many cities, as ancient as thee into nothingness, and was destined to bring destruction upon thee.

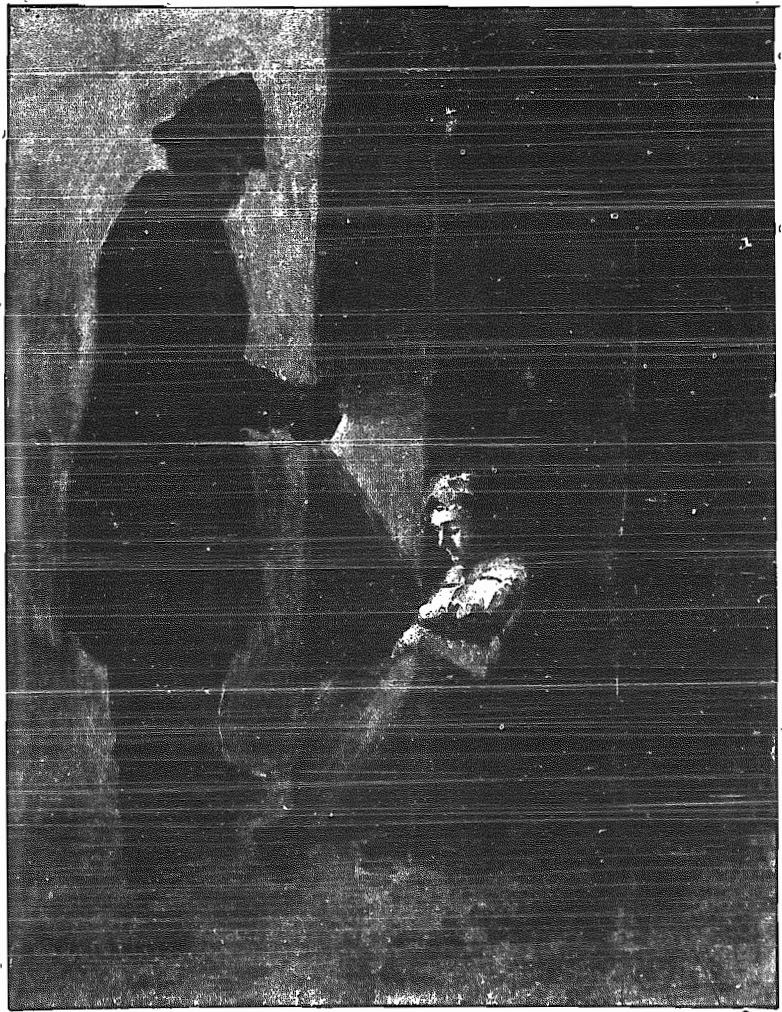
II.

Turn this way, please. This is picture No. II.—Observe the strangely sombre background in contrast with that of No. I. Poverty and hardship does not suggest a very pleasing ground for a masterpiece. Look at the central picture, standing out in splendid relief—its beauty like the opening petals of a lovely rose, keeps unfolding, and grows as you gaze upon it—as majestic, so symmetrical, so pure! Why it must be the portrait of O'er, and See, the Master of expression—in tenderness, in love for others. See those lips! Is breathing blessing upon every one. See those hands—extended, offering to all of what they possess. And not for the name. What is it? "Charity!"

A little, in the way of comment, is required from the mind of the greatest of novices. The master hand of the world's greatest word painter has presented the pictures before you. Study them for yourself. You will find the first in II Cor. viii. The other in Philippians iv. 10-23.

Let me finish by asking "In which picture are you most interested?" In which do you find the reflex of your own spirit, comrade, in the question of Self-Denial Week? We have heard of some whose plea has been OUR city, OUR town, OIR corps. This might have been the excuse of the Corinthians (Sister people) who never had up for themselves a single cent, chaff, or a church, could have bought them, unassisting Phillip a hundred times. Nevertheless, when General Paul issued his Self-Denial appeal to the various corps on behalf of the struggling cause in Jerusalem, as possible for extending it out to other places, the Phillipian soldiers put their richer, but smaller-souled and selfish Corinthian comrades to shame—by contributing more liberally and cheerfully to the effort. There was no caviling about the money going out of the town. So long as it was destined to carry inspiration to struggling comrades—wherever or whoever they may be or send a ray of hope to those who were without God, and without hope—they felt it a bounden duty on the one hand to give, and a glorious privilege on the other to be honored with the opportunity.

Who can measure the meaning of the words of Jesus when He said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto Me." Can you imagine what the Divine recognition will be in that event day for those self-denying Philippians? Who knows what measure of blessing your gift, if given freely and cheerfully, will carry with it down here? You will know, at any rate, in that day when the soldiers of the first European corps shall hear the result of their Self-Denial.



"SUSPICIOUSLY HE LETS THE LIGHT OF HIS LANTERN FALL UPON IT—IT IS ONLY A FALLEN GIRL WITH HER CHILD."

GAZETTE.

CORRECTION.

The following two items were gazetted wrongly last week:

ENSIGN FITZPATRICK to be Ensign in charge of Kamloops Corps and District.

Cadet-Lieutenant Jones to be Lieutenant at Vancouver Shelter.

PROMOTIONS-

Adjutant Geo. Burditt, of Montreal I. to be Staff-Captain.

Adjutant Wilfred Creighton, of T. H. Q., to be Staff-Captain.

Ensign McGill, of Dawson City, to be Adjutant.

Ensign Ethel Kerr, of St. John I. N. B., to be Adjutant.

Captain Ward, of Montreal I.I., to be Ensign to Barrie Corps and District.

APPOINTMENTS.

Adjt. Wiggins, of Lisgar St., to Lindsay Corps and District.

Adjt. Moore, to Lisgar St. Corps.

Adjt. Byers, to New Glasgow Corps and District.

Adjt. DeBrisay, to Lippincott Corps and Garrison.

Adjt. Scarr, to Bracebridge Corps and District.

Ensign Attwell, to Barrie Corps and District.

Ensign Jennings, to Moncton Corps and District.

Ensign Libsary, to Houlton, Me.

Ensign Edwards, to St. John Provincial Headquarters.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Our Grand Old Man.

In glancing over the appointments of our beloved General, one marvels at the unflinching activity and zealous courage of this veteran warrior, who, at the age of nearly three score and ten, undertakes such campaigns, that must by the numerous public engagements and the vicissitudes of ocean voyage, and other forms of travelling, entail a great expenditure of physical and mental strength. The General has just crossed over to Holland for a ten days' engagement, to lead off the Winter Campaign in that Territory.

On his return four or five series of meetings in different parts of the British Field, will keep him fully employed until the "Two Days with God," in Exeter Hall, London, Nov. 28th and 29th. On the 15th of January the General will set sail for Australia, this being his third visit to that part of his parish. He will return for the Old Land from Victoria on or about April 30th. Let us pray daily that God may increasingly bless his labors and may yet spare him to be our triumphant leader for many years to come.

Promotions.

The recent promotions of four old and tried comrades will doubtless be sincerely appreciated by our rank and file, since they include officers who have seen service in the far East as well as the farthest West. We welcome Adjts. Creighton and Burditt as Staff-Captains. With the additional responsibility added to the Financial Department through partial rearrangement of the body-guard of our Shelters, the Provincial Headquarters, Staff-Capt. Creighton's position will be a responsible one. The newly-created Adjutants are Ensign Kerr and Ensign McGill, who is now in charge of the Klondike Expedition.



Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ont.

October, 1898.

My dear Officers and Soldiers,—

I find my heart impatient to drop on to paper some words to you through the medium of the Cry, respecting our God-honored and blessed annual effort--Self-Denial.

The rumbling of the wheels of preparation for this war have been for some days sounding in my ears, and by the time this letter is in your hands it will be the all-absorbing topic of every loyal Officer, Soldier and child in our ranks. This day while working out some plans in connection with this effort my own heart has been newly touched by an exceptionally keen realization of the value of its agency. What precious blessings it has brought to the souls of those who have been more strictly responsible for its operations, rebinding us by freshly spoken vows to Calvary and its cause, and teaching lessons which have made us better saviors of men. What hundreds and hundreds of sinners, the darkest, the worst, the lowest, it has gathered by the means of its far-reaching arms into the Kingdom of God. All the literature ever printed by the Army would not hold the stories told of the definite blessings gained during our Self-Denial week, apart from those reaped consequent to the financial assistance it has brought.

But of this I need not remind you. You know it all. It has made you to put into the endeavor some of the hardest toil, hottest love, fervent prayer and concentrated thought of your experience, and for this, my brave comrades, in the name of God, my General, and the needy, in my deepest heart I thank you as words can never express. But in this approaching Self-Denial I am looking for you to take a yet more valiant stand. You must be one with me in my ambition to make its climax to surpass any victory yet achieved; one with me in my desire to rebrighten "the helmet of Salvation" and "breast-plate of righteousness" right through the ranks, and so give the war in this country in every respect a distinct push forward. I know you too well to fear your being behind or being slack in red-hot endeavor to do your utmost to reach the mark. I feel certain you will do your whole share as allotted you by God. I will do mine. These opportunities are so precious, time is so short—at the longest it is but as a span, but that span may grasp an eternity of blessing to ourselves and to others. It can be so with your life, and God will help you to make it so with the lives of others.

Exceptional thought, prayer and time has been given to the organizing of plans for the effort, and I would say to each of my precious Soldiers, the more strictly you adhere to instructions, the greater success Self-Denial will be at your Corps. The Lord will be with you; He will meet by virtue of the sacrifice of His own Son your every need. Seek Him! Have faith in Him, and go forward remembering that as my God-given charge I love you, and I trust you.

Yours to lead the way,

Evangeline Booth

Field Commissioner.

HOBOSIM.

The Way Into It and Out of It,
Experienced and Explained by
J. T. T.

A TRAMP is a man always on the move, who will not under any consideration work, and for that reason he can not stay where he would probably not move either if not compelled to. A "hobo" may be a man who later on becomes a tramp, but he will work, at least in spells; when he is not working he is drinking, and when he has no more to drink, he travels. He works in order to be able to drink, and when through drinking he is compelled to travel, because the place where he drops his earnings, as a rule, is not where the drunken hoboes are employed. Most of them get their start and training in the saloons and later on the same saloons, or in the hunting and camping ground, and without saloons and whiskey, it would be difficult for them to either start or finish. I got started in Chicago, not in fancy, but in deed, and here is the way it went about. I had a good position, steady work, fair wages, and a host of friends, and all went well for a while, but by degrees saloons got to be

Places that I Could Not Pass,
and after I got in, it was a hard job, either for myself, or anybody else to get me out again, and when I did get out I was not much good for anything. It did not take long before I saw that moderation had gone to the wind, and as a drunkard I was just bringing

A hundred miles, more or less, did not make a great deal of difference, there was no object, because there none. They were made of iron, of timber, "the rods," the "side-door Pullman," and the "blind baggage." The first was the one most resorted to, because it was the surest, not the safest, after we got in there, and the train was stopped nobody could get out. The "side-door" or box-car, I did not use except there was plenty of time, for it had several drawbacks. For instance, a brakeman may appear on the scene at any time, and then the first question would be:

"Who are you going?"
"To 'Frisco."
"Got any stuff?"
"Naa."

"Well then hit you the ground, and be quiet about it, too."

Then comes the either heat or cold, and when a train was moving fast, the ground would roll, when you strike it from the door of a box-car. The "blind baggage" was the platform of a baggage coach that had no door out of it, hence the name of blind, but it was to play hide and seek with the trainman continually, and to be on the

Look Out for the Police

in the cities, jumping off and on at every station. It was very tiresome. There was chances that circumstances would bring us that could not very well be described.

The summer I used to spend up north, and the winter down south, because most of the time I didn't have clothes enough to flag a handcar with, and was fitted out just about right for tropical weather. As I used to buy any clothes anywhere near a saloon, I soon gave that up, it could not be done.

there, with a physician and remedy afar off, probably to be reached an obtained, probably not in any other house, but no "hoboeing" for but never able to grasp the remedy, and when dying it may still be in the distance. That did not help me much, only to feel miserable, and I soon found that of misery I had plenty. But religion came later on, and was plain to me that there was no kind of religion that would fit into the life of a drunken "hobo." There may be for those that give, and then that possess the license to start him up and keep him at it, and in my notion they will need to be "hoboeed" by some. But fidelity, under the grand name of "freethought," that fitted and suited exactly. The only trouble was that

Freethought did not Bring About Free Action.

but with it I was sinking deeper and deeper into slavery. There was lots of drawing, but no lifting power in it.

Through my wanderings, and through these people, looking for and seeking for the likes of me, I very often came in collision with the Salvation Army, and at last, in God's name, through a friend a Salvationist, that was able to bring about a complete revolution in my life. Hobolism, drunkenness, uncertainty, darkness and despair, wandering and discontent, in one single hour, it all exploded and vanished for ever, and the chain and fetters were broken, and the light and freedom, peace and contentment of my Almighty Redeemer flooded my miserable darkened heart and life. There I found power to lift me up out of the most horrible pit man ever was in, and to resist power to trample on implements, and to live above circumstances, and power to keep me going upward and heavenward.

W. C. D.

It is said the man who invented the fortune out of it. Its merit lies in its fondness for it. Your penny is in it before you know it. It sits at every corner and stopping place. When men congregate, there is the inviting little slot, with its promise of something sweet. Just big enough to take a penny. Everything so easy; and so the pennies drop in all day long.

And the devil works his little game, and the slot-holders are the sallow on every available corner. At ever turn there is the seductive Girl Palace. He has made it handy to get a drink. Wherever men congregate, there is the gilded palace or convenient resting place, that proves to be only one of the many mouths of the Pit of Woe!

Satan all day long gathers in the pennies and deals out the drinks. "Old Rye" stands upon his head most of the day and night, and empties out the fiery draught containing the "headaches," the "blues," and the "snakes"; the rags, the heartaches, and the despair.

ANY so-called Christians, when faced with the needs of the war-chest, exclaim, "Money again—always begging!" Now, contrast the feelings of these people when there is any great popular national war on foot. Then what do they say to their statesmen? "You must ask for grants. You must not stick fast for money. We must win. John Bull must not be beaten for a few millions."

Ah, ah! their HEARTS are in that warfare. The women would sell their ornaments, and the men would hand over their balances, rather than England's freedom or greatness should be sacrificed.

Now, then, I say that if Christians had the true War spirit, which says, "I want the world for Christ Jesus—I want my King to reign over the hearts of men; He shall win, be it at the cost of money, or blood, or all else." If this spirit possessed them, instead of begrudging and reckoning how little they could give, and how much would save appearances, they would try how far they could deny themselves. MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

sorrow and disgrace on to myself and friends; I made up my mind that before I would do that I would get away to spend my miserable existence amongst people that knew me not. So in order to raise money to get away, I sold everything that would bring money, even what that could possibly get along without, as well as something that ordinary people can't get along without. To make the job complete I went out and got drunk on that money, and spent the last cent of it in whiskey, and then I was ready to go to the Devil.

I almost always never find time to relate the hardships, escapes, and incidents that followed for many a dark year. It would fill a book as big as my Bible. It was work at anything for a time, then take the profit to the nearest publication that would take good cash for bad whiskey, and end

I used to make a "stake" in the summer to take care of myself, and another one in the winter to take me back again, but they never took me either one way or the other, only just took me into trouble. In the first place where that was sold was in the shape of whiskey, and I was lets to bear and battle my way through without a stake.

In this way I kept on travelling, working, drinking, and traveling again, in and through over thirty different States, a stranger among strangers, alone amongst thousands, knowing what was right and doing what was wrong, leaving myself for my own doings, helped along by passions that had crushed my own will; no rest, but

Hellish Fires of Vice

and passion burning inside, and stamping me with the marks of sin outside. Alcohol started me and kept me going. It made me go in summer and winter, in ice and snow, as well as under a burning sun. It made me risk my very life hundreds of times, made me go hungry for days, made me sleep many a night in summer and winter with no other cover than the white frost, and made me face the day again with a hand almost bursting with pain and limbs shivering as if they would part. It has multiplied the sorrows that I tried to drown in it, and put a gulf, that can never be bridged in this world, between me and the earth that I used to call my own, and only for saving that saves to the uttermost, would be the ruling, consuming and burning power of my life to-day and forever.

I started out in life with a religion that made me feel and believe that I was a condemned sinner, and left me

A Cottage Meeting.

Friday, 21st, quite a nice little company started out to hold a parlor meeting at Mr. Jones', Evington. Unfortunately it was a very wet night and very dark. Notwithstanding this, the wet did not drown out the courage nor pleasure of the party.

Everyone made up their mind to be a blessing to the people who could come to the meeting. We had a real good time. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Bro. Ibbotson and his very interesting family of five girls sang and played. I thought it was very beautiful to see that family consecrated to God's service, going from place to place, cheering the disheartened ones by their songs and music.

Brigadier Compton and Adj't. Manton sang a duet about John 14, 16, everyone joining heartily in the chorus. Several testified to the goodness of God in saving their souls and bringing them into the fold of His redemption.

We all agreed that our happiness did not depend upon the weather, but our fellowship with saints and communion with God. We took up a collection and rejoiced to find over \$3 on the plate.—Adj't. Manton.

The pennies that ought to go to buy the little shoes and frocks, and the nourishing food for the finished wife, and the young man's "Old Ry" trap. Even the shoes of the dead baby have been pawned and propped into that old deciever's mouth!

Only Jesus can save from the power of the devil's slot-box. The right prayer is the cry of the sinking Peter, "Lord, save me!" And as quickly as Peter was helped by the strong arm of Jesus, so quickly will the same come to deliver us, who through pride and cles for deliverance, Jesus can destroy the craving for drink and the pipe in a moment.

He will forgive the sins of the penitent heart as well, and banish the headaches and the blues, and give "beauty for ashes," and the "oil of joy" for mourning, and the "garment of praise" for the spirit of "heaviness."

Hear the voice of Jesus speaking to you to-day, brother. "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do well. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye are willing and obedient ye shall eat of the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

The SPIRIT and the BREATH say COME, and HE that HUMBLETH, let him say COME, and HE that is ATHIRST, let him COME: HE that WILL, let him TAKE the water of life, FREELY!"

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

The Devil's Penny-in-the-Slot

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?



CHAPTER V.

Hope's Birth.

*"Those new desires that in you burn,
Were kindled by His grace."*

Rudolf awoke.

It was after the sleep into which he had fallen when the Captain had pulled him out of the gutter, as described in the first chapter.

Two hours of undisturbed rest had somewhat sobered him. He awoke at the edge of the platform into a sitting position; and with his head between his hands considered his whereabouts. He had no desire to walk up out of a drunken sleep in all sorts of places, that it caused him a novelty to him to find himself in a strange building. He made, however, some effort to gather his wits and consider his sluggish memory to find his way home.

"What will I do?" he asked. "I have been in the Salvation Army barracks with the men? Why, my reputation is gone!"

"Never mind your reputation, my man; it would be a blessing if it was gone. If you lost it and made it new, come along over and have some supper with me." So spoke the Captain.

Rudolf looked up, hardly knowing how to take this offer, but finally he accepted and replied, "All right, I am with you old boy; but you must give me a stiffener, for I am shaky."

The Captain promised to fulfill the promise by making a strong soup of tea that evening, to steady his trembling constitution, and also gave him a fair meal, although Rudolf could eat but little. Afterwards he took him to the meeting. The poor, desponding, blighted old man in the room, who only bowed his cuffs and knobs and ill-treatment—the very children made sport of him—that it was difficult for him to understand the kind and considerate treatment given him that afternoon and evening.

Why, nobody ever walked down the street by his side for many years past—except it be the policeman—that he hardly believed the truth. He felt somewhat bashful and suddenly noticed his ragged clothing as he had never before.

When a drunkard, or any other bad man, again feels the flush of shame mantling his cheeks, you can take it as an unfailing sign that the morning star of Hope has risen in the dark night of his soul.

Although Rudolf's reformed intellect could hardly "take in the situation" properly, the rays of love were smiting the seeds of love to sprout in his heart.

He sat patiently all through the meeting that night, although its good effect was won after the first part and it was water too much for him to take in. But partly could he understand the meaning of all that took place, but some of the testimonies given by former acquaintances touched a responsive chord in him, and gave him sufficient light to make his spirit soar during this session.

True charity—true love—in action—had awakened in him a desire to be different from what he was—to be better—and although the desire was but weak, the Captain—wise in these things—saw it and determined to feed it and fan it to a flame.

CHAPTER VI.

Salvation.

*"What a sinner I have been,
What a Saviour I have seen,
For I saved myself from my sorrow and my woes;
And when last I saw you, friend,
My heart was then I found,
And my parting love and mercy now I know."*

The following morning Rudolf awoke with a burning thirst in his throat, nay, in his bones. He made an honest effort to quench it with water, but that would not answer. Every morsel of flesh cried for strong drink.

After a few minutes of struggle, he made for the door; his wife, who with

joy had noticed a slight change in his behaviour, tried to hold him back, but the very fact of her effort aroused the demon in him. With an oath he shook her off and staggered down the street.

But conscience ake had awakened him, & his shudder and made her heart to beat. Although but feebly, Rudolf was actually ashamed to go down the main street, and he entered a saloon from the rear. The bar-tender was about to kick him out, when a "husk" customer, who was treating the girl, saw him and called him up for a drink.

The devil must have paid special attention to the bird that made an effort to escape the net, for Rudolf had a series of "Black backs"—as he termed that day.

In a number of saloons he was treated, and he was about dead-drunk when he passed the open-air that night.

The Captain was quick to spy him, and to notice his condition. There was something telling him that he ought to speak to him, as his special charge. While one of the soldiers testified, he whispered a few directions to the Lieutenant, who made off after the man in the Moon, captured him with a little tact, and took him to the officers' quarters, where he put him to sleep, locked the door and went off to the meeting.

It happened, however, that Rudolf did not sleep sound. He was not drunk enough for that. About nine o'clock he awoke and tried to find it out, but with not sufficient strength to burst the feeble lock, therefore, after some thought, he tried the window which opened into the yard.

Rudolf evidently forgot to look for

without hesitation he climbed upon the

no means to pay for his nursing otherwise.

It was a hard time for Rudolf as well as a hot time.

Drinking, of course, was out of the question, and he suffered tortures.

Occasionally the Captain would talk to him about his soul, and urge him to seek salvation.

After two weeks had passed since the accident, Rudolf suggested a different method. His mind had become more active, and the care and love shown to him by the officers, had thawed out his frozen emotions.

One night, as the Captain prayed with him, Rudolf said, "Do you realize that Captain, that God will forgive me for my sins? They have been marching past my view in ever returning circles, and things I had forgotten have risen again in my memory. I have sinned against God, against wife and children, and against myself."

"Yes, it is for sinners Jesus died; He waits to save you," replied the Captain.

"But will He save me from the curse of drink?"

"He can, and will, if you let Him."

"Oh, I am so sorry on a wretch like me," cried the broken-hearted man, and with piercing sobs, wept for the first time for many years past.

That night, after a great struggle, the light of God came into his dark life, and he claimed the salvation of God.

Although late, his wife was sent for. She came with swift glad feet, and there was a re-uniting of the two hearts and lives, so long lost to each other. They laughed and cried in turns. The officers thought they heard an echo of strange harmonies coming from the sky.

(To be continued.)



CORPS AND OFFICERS OF REVELSTOKE, B.C.

window still and let himself drop out.

Now, the officers were situated over a store, the window open, unfortunately, upon the roof of a kitchen, built against the house. When Rudolf dropped on this roof he lost his balance and rolled down in the yard, striking his arm and leg against some bench standing against the kitchen. He felt a sharp pain and then became unconscious.

When the officers returned from the meeting they found their pretty bird had flown. The open window put them on his track, and soon they found the unconscious man in the yard.

A doctor was sent for, and when his arrival he examined the drunken wretch and found the right leg broken and the arm fractured. The Captain offered his quarters for the accommodation of the patient, and word was sent to his poor wife, who consented for him to remain there, for she had

him; he had counted the cost, and he was prepared to pay the price. His embarking on such an undertaking meant of necessity a constant, daily, unceasing round of self-denial. Think of yourself at the present time, with all the traffic there is now on the ocean, crossing the world in a single bound, as Columbus did, a few hundred tons burden and a sailing boat to boot! It is very questionable whether you would be found willing to go at any cost under such circumstances.

Then consider in addition, the Captain, who, among many seas, where no man had been before, a vast trackless main, and no knowledge except what he had from calculation as to what was in front of him. Would you be found to embark in such an undertaking, even in this advanced progressive nineteenth century?

Yet so it was America was discovered by self-denial.

Revelstoke Testimonies.

BRO. CHRISTISONITH, the Hallelujah Teamster: "Thank God I have always a word to speak for Christ, and mean to prove faithful."

BRO. RAUSOM speaks of God's unchanging love, and hopes that it may never change in him.

BRO. ADAIR: "Praise God, because He has promised that whosoever will may come. Some years ago I first converted in the Methodist Church in Ontario, and enjoyed a Christian's life until I came out West, where I fell among thieves and robbers. They robed me of a Saviour's love. I thank God for the Salvation Army, and mean to stick to the Army and never run away."

SAVED BRAKEMAN (Bro. Smith):

"I thank God because He has led me back to the fold and the Army. I am here now, and I am the old fire of Army warfare springing up in this frail body of clay, and mean, by God's grace, to plod along, always ready anything to do or dare to help the Army, and to lead sinners to repentence."

SIMILING JOE (Bro. McCallum): "Thank God I ever joined the Army. I feel now that the influence I had before I got saved has kept lots of people from serving God, and might have lost my loved ones to serve God had I started on this happy road before."

THE SAVED SCOTSMAN (Bro. Munro): "Saved and kept by the grace of God; always happy and free. I intend to fight on to the end."

CANDIDATE WILLIS: "Thank God for ever sending the Army to Revelstoke. I feel my indebtedness to the Saviour for my redemption. With God's grace I will devote the rest of my life for the increasing of God's Kingdom, to repay the debt of love I own."

CANDIDATE LAWRENCE: "Praise God because the lost has been found. When I was away on the mountains of sin, the Good Shepherd brought me back again."

HAPPY TED (Bro. Toombs): "Thank God for the Salvation Army. I feel it my duty as a soldier to stand firm, always abounding in the works of the Lord. I have a happy home now, and another soldier I am saved. Hallelujah! At last I shall have a happy home in heaven."

SISTER TOOMBS: "Thank God that I ever gave Him my heart, and if I keep pressing on, I know that God will help me."

CAPT. BAILEY: "Thank God I am more than a conqueror through Him. I intend to never cease to warn sinners and tell them of Christ's unchanging love."

LIEUT. MEREDITH: "I rejoice daily in His power to lead me to salvation. I am determined to push the battle to the very gates and do all in my power to warn and lead souls to Christ."

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY NEEDS YOUR HELP.

The League of Mercy visitors can make use of any current numbers of the War Cry, or any other Army publications in their work. You, or your friends send parcels of literature when ready to the following officers and Mercy League Sergeant-Majors—

TORONTO Ont.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, S. A. Temple LONDON Ont.—Mrs. Martin Dohne, Rehearsal St. MONTREAL Que.—Mrs. Symington, 200 University GUELPH Ont.—Mrs. Dawson.

VICTORIA B.C.—C. Mrs. Conran Lacey.

NELSON B.C.—Mrs. John Dohne, 20 Cook st.

WINNIPEG Man. B.—Mr. Habicht.

HALIFAX N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 49 Hollis st.

QUEBEC CITY Que.—Mrs. John Dohne, Royal Route.

PREDMONT N. B.—Capt. Bishop.

SPOKANE Wash.—Adjutant Langtry, 734 Fourth Ave.

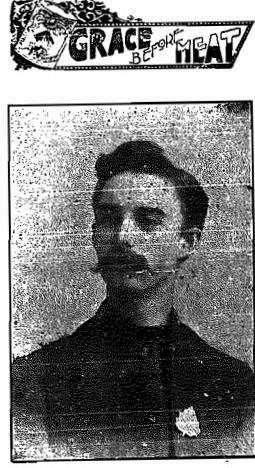
GRANITE OREGON.—Mrs. White, Armistead.

OTTAWA ONT.—Capt. Head, Salvation Army.

and address of those having periodicals to distribute to Mrs. Brigadier Head, League of Army Officers, 20 Albert St., Toronto, stamp for reply.

Any one desiring friends in hospitals visited, or any one whom they are interested in prison write to Capt. Head, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

Hamilton Anniversary.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.
North-West Province.

Hurrah! Here oft to Bro. McGill, of Winnipeg, he brings up this beautiful total of \$36.75. Who beats this? This Agent works night and day, and has only odd moments in which to do his collecting. He loves his work. God bless him.

Next comes that spry young man, J. H. Middlecamp, of Moose Jaw. With a total of \$21.57, who practices self-denial in order to assist poor Lazarus. God will reward him.

Morden comes, by virtue of its noble works, into 3rd position, with a total of \$8.11. Very near \$2 better than last quarter. Well done, good and faithful servants.

Portage la Prairie lost her laurels of third by 11c., not much either. It takes a noble 4th position, with an income of \$3.08 over last quarter.

Fort William, we welcome you to 5th position, and indeed you deserve it. Mrs. G. Smith worked hard and comes up with \$1.65. May go on to greater victories!

And Edmonton, away up in the north, comes up with \$7.20, only 4c. behind Fort William. I am sure that Sister McKay will do her best to surpass Fort William next quarter. You watch her.

Rat Portage brings up \$8. Very good, but a decrease on last quarter.

Vivian must not be forgotten. Its worthy L.A. walks up with a neat \$5.12 splendid, indeed. May prosperity attend your efforts.

Grafton does fine and walks in next with \$4.98. Beautiful indeed.

Jamesport \$4.68, Valley City \$4.24, Brandon \$3.91, Lisbon \$3.70, Emerson \$3.42, Fargo \$3.42, Midway \$3.30. Kindly watch the big splash there is going to be among this batch next quarter.

Now come a few personal boxes which deserve mentioning. How is this? Ensign Cummings collected no less than \$36.75. Who can beat this in the Dominion?

Ensign Bailey follows. He brings up the worthy amount out of his box of \$2.75. How is this Field Officers and Staff Officers? Adjt. Macnamara will make you look out, Ensign, this quarter; she has accepted your challenge.

Adjt. Gads follows up with \$1.82. Beautiful, indeed. He loves Lazarus all right. Moose Jaw's L.A. is practical. He raised in his box \$3.35. Handsome!

Bro. Hayville of Minot, had \$2.11. Bro. J. Schenck of Moose Jaw brought up \$2.00. Mrs. Sherris, Minnedosa, \$1.11. While Mrs. Chambers of Fort William, drops in \$1.10, and the following brings up one dollar each: Mrs. McCarthy and Jack Green, Rat Portage; Mrs. R. Bigger, Port Arthur; Mrs. Ballantine, Red River; Terence, in the other quarters, Calgary; Mrs. Story and Mrs. Brierhamer, of Edmonton. All of the above deserve a hearty God bless you, which all receive from your Provincial Agent.

Judging from the loud "Amens" and "Hallelujahs," the singing of "Roll the old chariot along," and the mention of Capt. Free's name at the Army Citadel yesterday afternoon, at the Anniversary services, one might almost imagine him to be Lazarus. Hast in October, 1882, when the Army opened fire in this city. The service took the form of a "war memories" meeting, and a goodly number of the first members of the early days spoke and made reference to Capt. Free and wife, who opened the work here. The first newspaper report printed by the Times, about a column in length, on Monday, October 16th, 1882, was read by one of the bandmen and added much to the interest of the meeting.—Hamilton Times.

The Herald of the same date (Oct. 24th) had the following editorial in its pages:

The Salvation Army.

Our friends, the Salvationists, have been celebrating the sixteenth anniversary of the beginning of their work in Hamilton. These sixteen years have been years of hard uphill work for the Salvationists—years not only of much labor and hardship, but of much and great disengagement. The Army workers have done a vast amount of good without getting the credit of it. Many women and men have, through their instrumentalities, been rescued from lives of shame and degradation, and taught the good news of good Christian—only to leave the Army and be drafted into the ranks of church membership when they tired of Army methods. It is a work of great self-sacrifice in which the Salvation Army is engaged. The Army people are recruiting officers for the churches, and often as they go to the pulpit to declare the sentiments and ingratitude of the churches as well as the hostility of the devil's active forces. But they cheerfully accept the conditions and go on with their work, building but entering not in, sow wide in order that others may be built up by harvest. Daring the dangerous and unpleasant duty as the advance guard of the church militant, they are brave soldiers of the Cross, are the Salvationists. We may smile at their methods, and sometimes regret their extravagance; but if real apostolic zeal and self-sacrifice are to be found alive in the church to-day, they are manifested in the daily lives and work of many who follow the Army colors.

SMASH THE TRAPS.

The General recently told an anecdote which reveals the ruling principle of his work, and his sense of its recompense. A little girl whose older brother's lack of compassion for small creatures distressed her, injected this right in her bedtime prayer:

"Lord, don't let the little birds get into Robbie's trap in the garden. Please don't let them! Oh, I know they won't!" They can't! Amen."

"Dolly," said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"Why, 'cause—'cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap, and the trap for Satan," said the General, "but that's not enough. We must smash the traps."



Self-Denial! By thunder! What next!



BAY ROBERTS.—On Monday night we had a very special meeting at the Bay Roberts Church, held in Reformed Episcopal Church. We believe that many were convicted of sin. Ten souls for the week. Yours, believing—A. G. Brown, Capt.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—We are still alive here doing our best for God and souls. This week has been a week of blessing. Last Sunday night Cadet Moore said good-bye. He leaves for the Training Home. One recruit came in to take her place.—D. Moulton, Capt.

TILT COVE, Nfld.—What about the H. F. now? Well, it is just this: We had a blessed time, got our target—\$3. It looked quite good, but we never find out what for a little time. We never can tell what we can do till we try. For two weeks we fought a hard battle. We prayed and begged and worked with all our might. Then after all was gathered in we found to our delight \$3 over the target. We also could praise God for ten souls for the week. To God be all the glory.—G. Cooper, Ensign.

ST. JOHNS I, Nfld.—In giving his testimony last Sunday Capt. Look, who is here from Toronto, reminded us of the little boy who, being asked if his father was a Christian, replied, "Yes, but he don't work at it." The Captain said, "People are not like that, but you are Christians, and you work at it," which they did in true. We are working and having victory. The new barracks is started, and officers and soldiers are busy to make it go. Last Sunday night twelve weary souls sought and found Jesus, and on Tuesday night THREE more came forward, making fifteen for the week.—Capt. Berry.

ST. JOHNS II, Nfld.—After an absence of more than six years, is has been my privilege to revisit one of my old battle grounds, Heriot's Creek. Many changes have taken place, and many have gone to their long home. There are a few faithful soldiers who are doing their best for God and souls, while there we had the joy of seeing SIX souls who at the Mercy Sent. Captain Leggo, who is home resting, rendered good assistance, and the joy of seeing her dear mother getting right with God. I returned home today and heard the glad news that THREE souls had surrendered to God at St. Johns II. Our motto for the Self-Denial Campaign is, "Take heed, fear not, neither be faint-hearted!"—Annie Bezzo, Ensign.

CHANNEL.—Just a word to let the readers of the War Cry know we are part of the War Cry family. Although about two hundred miles from any other corps on the Island, yet we are in for doing all we can to extend the Kingdom of our God. The past week we laid the foundation of a new barracks, and we are believing ergo long Channel will be able to boast of a new building, which will make a grand building, for the people as the old building we now hold meetings in is in a very poor condition, besides being very small and not able to accommodate half the people that would like to come along to our meetings. With our few soldiers here we are in for doing our best for God and the Salvation Army. The people love the Army, also the War Cry. We sell out every week.—Capt. E. Hiscock.

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—Thursday night a good crowd gathered at the barracks to witness the dedication of the infant son Sergt. Richard Ash. The child was dedicated by Ensign Kenway. The service was very impressive. We enjoyed an address given by the old soldier, Ensign Kenway, on "Change of circumstances." The subject is taken from the "Rich man and Lazarus." There was no visible results but we believe we reaped some of the fruits at the holiness meeting next night, when two souls came out to the penitent form. This week saw the launching of the War Cry, which we believe will give great victories for the Kingdom. Ensign Kenway not only works hard himself, but knows how to keep other people at work.—M. J. W., Reg. Cor.

It is wrong theology that will induce a man to travel farther to see his mother dead than alive.

Gone to Heaven.

Margaret French.

On Tuesday last we had at rest the body of our beloved Margaret from Torrington, formerly a native of Harbor Grace (William George). As Margaret did not fight in the front of the battle, she asked the Lord to show her some way by which she could help to extend His Kingdom. The result was the cultivation of a few fields these findings a ready market, the money was therefore alone will reveal the good that has been accomplished by this noble self-denying effort.

As her body grew weaker under the ravages of that dread disease, consumption, she was sometimes urged to keep some of the money to supply herself with food, but she said, "I have no appetite; but her answer invariably was, "My flowers be on to God, and He shall have every cent of the money. I will trust Him to supply my wants." During the last illness she was visited by Christians of different denominations. One of her dearest brother, speaking at her funeral, said, "I went to comfort and help her, but she helped me." Others testified to the same, that they always got cheered and helped by visiting her. She took such an interest, too, in the Army publications, the War Cry and All the World. When too feeble to read them, she had her husband read them to her, thus she kept in touch with all that was being done. Her funeral was very solemn and impressive. During the service at the barracks, several spoke of her good life, and wondered who would take her place. It she, in her poverty, had known what could not one possessing youth, health and strength, do, if they would only say, "Here am I, Lord, help me to follow her as she followed Christ?" It can truly be said of her, "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her."—M. W. J. S. S. M.

Rosa McNelley.

During the past week it has been our sad duty to lay dear little Rosa to her last resting-place. For some weeks dear Sister McNelley has lavished a mother's tender love and tenderness upon her darling, but like a little flower she faded away, but like a little flower she knew her. A very impressive service was held both at the house and grave, where we all consecrated ourselves afresh to God and His service. It was a touching sight to see four of our little lancers carry the coffin to the grave.—A. Kirby, Lieut., for Ensign Branigan.

Major Collier will Visit:

Charlottetown, Wednesday, Nov. 30th. New Glasgow, Thursday, Nov. 1st. (United Officers' and Soldiers' Convalescent Home). North Sydney, Friday, Nov. 11th. Glee Bay, Saturday, Nov. 12th. Sydney, Sunday, Nov. 13th. North Sydney, Monday, Nov. 14th. Officers and soldiers pray for these gatherings.

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Watford, Nov. 11; Strathearn, Nov. 12, 13; London, Nov. 14; Stratford, Nov. 15; Mitchell, Nov. 16; Seaford, 17; Bayfield, Nov. 18; Golerich, Nov. 19, 20; Chelmsford, Nov. 21; Witney, Nov. 22; Wimborne, Nov. 23; Worcester, Nov. 24; Brussels, Nov. 25; Lister, Nov. 26, 27; Palmerston, Nov. 28; Drayton, Nov. 29, 30.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Basing, Mont. Nov. 11; Butte, Mont. Nov. 12, 13, 14; Dillon, Mont., Nov. 15, 16; Moltose, Mont., Nov. 17; Glendale, Mont., Nov. 18; Anaconda, Mont., Nov. 19, 20, 21; Burlington, Nov. 23; Whitehall, Nov. 24; Bozeman, Nov. 25, 26, 27; Livingston, Nov. 28.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Freeport, Nov. 11-16; Words Harbor, Nov. 17; West Head, Nov. 18; Clark's Harbor, Nov. 19, 20; Yarmouth, Nov. 21.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Aurora, Nov. 10; Holme Landing, Nov. 11; Newmarket, Nov. 12, 13; Stratford, Nov. 14; Guelph, Nov. 15; Coldwater, Nov. 16; Midland, Nov. 19, 20; Tesseront, Nov. 21; Gravenhurst, Nov. 22, 23; Bracebridge, Nov. 24; Bardsville, Nov. 25; Huntsville, Nov. 26, 27.

ENSIGN SIMS.—Ottawa, Nov. 10, 11; Arnprior, Nov. 12; Pembroke, Nov. 14; Renfrew, Nov. 15; Perth, Nov. 16.



HESPELER.—We are still on the winning side. Good meetings all day Sunday. ONE soul came to Jesus last night.—W. H. R. C.



MRS. J.
ANDERSON.

G. B. M. Agent, of
Watford, Ont.,
has forty G. B. M.
brought in her
town.



HOULTON.—Ensign Perry was with us on Thursday night with his magic lantern. The service was entitled, "Our victory" and was much enjoyed by all who were present.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

FARGO, N. D.—Hallelujah for victory! Three souls for salvation. The officers' council have been real blessed times. The officers all speak highly of the kind treatment they received while here from the many friends who entertained them.—M. H. S. Reg. Cor.

CLINTON.—We are having victory here. Capt. Keefer, Capt. Lyle, Capt. Moore, all here Sunday. There has been a great blessing here in Clinton. Adj't. Moore, who has been on furlough, farewelled also, best of all, TWO souls in the Fountain.—Ralph H. Bezzo, Sgt.-Major.

MONTISBURG.—Thank God the war is still going on in Montisburg. Good meetings all day Sunday. God came very near and blessed us.—Lieutenant Sleeth.

OMEMEE.—Praise God, since last report ONE soul has repented. We had another addition with us on the 18th of Oct., and enjoyed his visit.—Reg. Cor.

SELKIRK.—We are still on the war path. Crowds and collections keep up well. Praise God. The people of Selkirk are very kind, supplying all our needs.—Cadet Russell.

BERLIN.—Staff-Capt. Phillips and Capt. Liston were well received at the Army barracks yesterday. There was an increase of attendance and income.—"Berlin Intercom."

DIGBY, N. S.—We paid a visit to Capt. and Mrs. Adams at Bay View. Had a good time and before leaving had some prayer and the Lord blessed us wonderfully.—S. D. R. C.

LISBON, N. D.—Capt. and Mrs. Westcott have farewelled and our new officers have arrived. We believe that God still lives and is able to give us victory.—Edua B. Bradley.

VALLEY CITY.—Officers were away to Fargo this week to council. Soldiers held on alone. Efforts rewarded by ONE backslacker returning to God. Hallelujah!—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

GRAVENHURST.—The King of Glory has been with us all the week, and we have had good meetings. Good Cry all sold out.—Meeting at West Gravenhurst extra good.—F. T. Cor.

HALIFAX.—We feel the Lord is with us in blessing us to do His will. Good meetings Sunday, ONE soul for the blessing, and ONE for pardon. Hallelujah!—Tread Cashin.

VIRDEN.—Man—We have welcomed to our midst Capt. Elliott, whom we believe has come to do his best to lead us on to victory. "Trusting Jesus we shall win!"—Yours, W. McCue, Reg. Cor.

PORTEAGE LA PRAIRIE.—We have been reinforced this week by Lieut. Kreiger, from Rat Portage Garrison, who has come to assist in building up God's Kingdom. ONE more soul this week, and none in picking. J. C. H.

MINOT, N. D.—Just home from the conference at Fargo. Had a blessed time and am more than ever determined to fight hard and win precious souls for Jesus. We are delighted with the new War Cry. Feel proud of it, Capt.

MISSOURI, Mont.—Beautiful weekend meetings. ONE backslacker reclaimed. Hallelujah! Everybody is on the move. Bits of intelligence, meetings, both open-air and inside meetings. We are believing for greater things yet.—Alice Langill, Lieut.

LAKELAND.—Good meetings Saturday night and Sunday. Some wept on account of their sins but would not yield. We had Bro. Eastman and Redner, from Peterboro, who gave us a good lift. We have room for one officer when you can spare one.—Sergt. Miller and wife.



CAPTAIN GREEN
Hustler of Yarmouth, N.S.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Ensign Brummett is leading our corps. Good times all week. One by one souls are being saved. Sinners deeply convicted. Friday night welcome to Capt. Meredith, late of Revelstoke, B. C. We are in for victory. We are the people—Yours in the fight, Bro. J. Harris.

WINDSOR, Ont.—The Lord indeed came near and helped us on Sunday. Saved liquor from Detroit, some dance, some singing, some clapped their hands, and everybody got blessed, especially the brother who claimed victory over his sins.—Fred Burton, Captain.

OAKVILLE.—We have just had a visit from Bro. Ibbotson and family. Their music and singing was enjoyed by everyone. We could not seat the people on Sunday night, and had to increase income for some years. We pray that God may truly bless them wherever they go.—Lieut. Pittard, for Lieutenant Cornish.

RICHMOND ST. (Old No. 1).—Cadets Churchill and Edwards farewelled. Another day of victory. Five souls Sunday night, making fourteen for the week. Collections the best ever. Real live soldiers. Barracks painted and papered. Opening next Sunday, the 29th, by Brigadiers Gaskin and Pugmire, and Mrs. Gaskin, Major and Mrs. Hargrave. Believing for something special.—Ensign Fletcher.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Officers away to Fargo for council all week. Sergt. Major Lentzen, assisted by Sis. Stevens, were in charge. Had a good time. Capt. Mitchell and her Lieutenant here for holiness meeting on Friday night, enjoyed their visit very much. Good week-end meetings. FOUR souls for cleansing Sunday morning.—Trifloria.

LARIMORE, N. D.—Glory to God, the officers have returned from council with Ensign Cummins. Beautiful meetings. On Friday Ensign gave a Graphophone Service, which was greatly enjoyed by all. On Saturday lantern

service entitled, "The daughter of a King." It is grand, beyond description. Our bibles and encyclopedias and leaders and singers, it could not help being a success. Thursday night, the Brothers' meeting—oh, how it did rain, yet they did their best. God blessed them. Friday night, holiness meeting, led by Capt. and Mrs. S. M. Ayre, finishing up with a Pound Meeting.—M. L.

BLenheim.—Good road yesterday. We have raised our War Cry order to 100, and there is a general improvement all round, not forgetting the old Cry, now, however, has been put under the barracks, and we expect to be better able to fight the powers of darkness. Capt. Hodddin, the mighty man of sermons, will make it hot for the devil and all his train.—Int. Groom.

SUDBURY.—Two recruits enrolled this week. Local Officers lead meetings this week during absence of Adj't. Capt. and Lieutenant. Oct. 20th issue of the War Cry just here to hand. The frontispiece is pronounced by some here as "the best yet"—the Field Commissioner, with her password Courage, cannot fail to inspire the hearts of her readers throughout the Territory.—N. K. Trickley, J. S. S. M.

ESSEX.—Sunday night we closed our meetings at half past eleven with ONE soul in the Fountain—being a young man who had for some time held malle in his heart against some one whom he considered had done him a great injury. Although had been at different times heroic, yet never before had he come forward to make a full surrender. After leaving the meeting went to the person concerned (although it was nearly 12 o'clock at night) and asked him for forgiveness. Hallelujah! God is able and willing to save to the uttermost. If we will only surrender our all—ours praying and believing for victory. J. Cox, Capt.



CADET J. ADAMS,
War Cry Banner, of Rat Portage.

LETHBRIDGE.—We have just welcomed Lieut. Barlow, from Moose Jaw. Had good meetings all day Sunday. TWO souls at night. The soldiers were so happy they had to dance. Seven out for a blessing in soldiers' meeting. Our crowds are splendid. Had pictures. Sunday night War Cry sold. Fire a volley for the N. W. corps.—Pansy.

CARLTON, N. B.—Praise is due to Sergt. Mrs. Olive for the way she has so nobly helped us since we came to Carlton. During two months she collected over \$35. A few weeks ago she was commissioned War Cry Sergt. The first week she sold 15, since she has been on the job she has sold 70. She is a hustler. It is quite hard at present here; still we believe for victory. Two souls since we came.—G. M. Allen, Capt. E. L. Seig, Lieut.

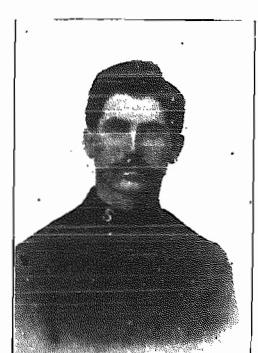
VICTORIA.—Our officers have been to Spokane for the councils, yet the meetings went with a swing. Saturday night the band led. Sunday, Adj't. Barr, Monday, Bro. Porter and Bro. Jackson—they did beautiful. Tuesday, soldiers' meeting, led by Adj't. Barr—

a good spiritual time. Wedne day, Sister meeting, led by Sister Crogo. Sister, State, and national leaders and singers, it could not help being a success. Thursday night, the Brothers' meeting—oh, how it did rain, yet they did their best. God blessed them. Friday night, holiness meeting, led by Capt. and Mrs. S. M. Ayre, finishing up with a Pound Meeting.—M. L.

LINDSAY.—Our corps has just been visited by Ensign Andrews, the G. B. Agent, who gave us some very interesting, as well as instructive, lantern views; the subject was, "A daughter of Ishmael." On Sunday the officers said good-bye after four months hard fighting.—A. Moore, S. M.

MONTREAL II.—Ensign Ward and Lieut. Tracy have finished eight months, and a half month ago Capt. Ward took charge of this corps, and right through it has been a time of continual victory. Now we are out of debt and several new soldiers are on the platform. The holiness meetings have been the most popular, lots of fun lifting and strengthening the corps. Sunday morning one soul was sanctified. In the afternoon a real free and easy' time. One brother was enrolled under the good old Army Flag; but at night was the crowning time. THREE souls came to God and got saved. One got so fresh that he jumped on the platform and on the chair, then he picked up the drum and beat it around the platform. There was a regular old-time dance, and we finished up at eleven o'clock, with "Crown Him Lord of all."—G. W. R. C.

WINGHAM.—We had a banquet on Thursday. The tables were well set with good food, mostly given by kind friends. Those who came to the were well satisfied. At night there was a good crowd, both in the open-air and in the barracks. The meeting had previously been announced to be a "One-be-joyful" time, and so it came to pass. Capt. McCutcheon, Lieut. Baird, and Bro. Plant, from Listowel, made it quite lively. Capt. McCutcheon was chairman. Our singing band did splendidly, led on by Bandmaster Caulton, formerly of Winnipeg. The Bandmaster is a good musician, and is always willing to do anything for the glory of God. He sang an original song one of his own composition, composed especially for the occasion. The chorus went with a swing. Bro. Simmons, the Editor of the Live, sang a good solo, accompanied by his guitar. Lieut. Baird sang "We may yet see better days"; soldiers and friends testified to the saving and keeping power of God. Our worthy chairman sang his favorite, "Is not this the land of Beulah?" Lieut. Baird read a few verses from the 46th Psalm.—Ension W. Orford.



LIEUT. C. POLLETT,
Random Island, N.B.

GLEANINGS FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Spokane Rescue Work.

From a very touching letter addressed to Mrs. Read, by Adj't Langtry, we extract the following:

"We have been here a year that we are getting on well in the Home, which is more than full; yet I cannot turn away any person who is in need and sorrow—the most of the cases are pitiable. One woman with three small children had to run away from a drunken husband, who was near being murder'd. I took her in, and a few days afterwards found work for her; she earns now \$30 per month, and pays for the keep of her children in the Home. And so for many I have been able to find work during the last few days. We have twenty-one in the Home, big and little."

The Offence of the Cross.

"Whereto consists the offence? Not only in this, that it demands the renunciation of self-righteousness as merit, of the word as an idol, of worldly wisdom as my pride, of personal achievements as my glory. No, the cross is to the natural and carnal heart most of all an offence, because it teaches me that all my self-righteousness must give without hoping to get, and lose my life to save my life, to love where I am hated, and to serve where I am met, even with serving with the scourge and the thorns, the wagging head and the scoffing tongue, the mocking and the spitting—in a word, the cross instead of the crown."—Person.

A Lieutenant's Anecdote.

Enters a smiling, blond Lieutenant, with the flush of youth on his cheek, "I am glad to tell you!"

"Yes, go ahead."

"A certain young man who had undergone a surgical operation had his face bandaged, and that accent felt rather shy to go in that condition to church. Oh, they would mind my bandages! I said to myself, 'To the Salvation Army,' he thought, and to the Salvation Army he went on that Sunday, and got so wonderfully blessed that Sabbath, that it kept him testifying ev. since."

True Possessions.

The following may doubtless be known to some of our readers, still it is well worth repeating and singularly appropriate for Remembrance Day—especially for Remembrance Self-Denial Week:

Over an old stone carving of the prostate form of a well-known philosopher in Rome the following inscription is cut into the solid wall:

"What I spent I had.

"What I saved I lost.

"What I gave I have."

Newfoundland Harvest Festival.

"Eventually we have proved that there is such a thing as victory through defeat. During the first two years we were not able to hit the Provincial Target, but there is an old saying that the third time beats all, and so we have proved it, for we have gone nearly \$200 over last year. The very thought of this ought to drive away every fear that we are all that when we make up our minds to do it we can wrest success from the hand of failure."—Ocean Wave.

Colonel Musa Bhal.

Many of our readers will have blessed and pleasant memories of the Colonel, then Major Musa Bhal, who visited many places in Canada some years ago in company with some of our Indian comrades. We are pleased to print here the Colonel's testimony, as it was given by him recently in an interview with a representative of our London War Cry.

"Thirsty as ever for God! I love Jesus with all my heart. My ideal is still the same—more sacrifice for Him who gave all for us. I have toiled and every day more and more convinced that the only hope for the Oriental is the Holy Ghost. Education is good, wisdom is good; but both are worthless for this task without the Holy Ghost. Some are getting saved in India, but only through us as they are brought into contact with the Holy Ghost. I am more deeply in earnest than ever to get souls saved."

"More profession is a sham. I am always pained by shams; but how very much more must the heart of the Lord Jesus be pained by those who only offer Him lip service."



Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT nine months after my recovery from smallpox Father LaCombe brought me a letter from Mr. de la Motte re-commending him to my esteem. I was loath to make new acquaintances, but the fear of offending prevailed. God made use of me for the conversion of three of his sons. The strong desire induced him to come to our country house.

A way opened for me to speak to him. As he was with my husband, who relished his company, he was taken in and retold to the general husband what he was, what was the matter with him. He told me he had remarked in my countenance a deep presence of God, which had given me a strong desire of seeing me again. God assisted me to open to him the inward state of the soul, and conveyed me much grace and strength through this poor channel, that he went away changed into quite another man.

At home, I was accused of everything that was spoiled or broken. At first I told the truth, and said it was I. They persisted, and accused me of lying, then added, "It is not you, but all their tales to such as came to the house. But when I was afterwards alone with the same persons, I never undeceived them. My heart kept its habitation in the quiet consciousness of my own innocence, not concerning myself whether they thought me guilty or not, or concerning my conduct, world, all opinions of enemies, and minded nothing but the friendship of God only."

GOD KNOWS HOW TO RENDER THE CROSSES CONFORMABLE TO THE ABILITY OF THE CREATURE TO BEAR THEM; giving them always something new and unexpected. I acts of grace, and trials.

So now was my tenderness for the poor, that I wished to supply all their wants. I could not see their necessity, without reproaching myself for the plenty I enjoyed. I deprived myself of all I could

shops. My heart was much opened towards my fellow-citizens in distress, and few would carry charity much farther than our Lord enabled me to do, both while married and since.

I obtained leave to go to Paris for a cure of my eye; yet I did not go through the desire to see Monsieur Bertot, a man of profound experience. Mother Granger had assuaged to me for my director. I went to take leave of my father, who embraced me with peculiar tenderness, little thinking it would be the last adieu.

Paris was a place no longer to be dreaded. The throngs only served to draw me into a deep recollection, and the noise of the streets but augmented my inward prayer.

HOW MANY THINK THEIR OWN WILLS QUITE LOST WHILE THEY ARE VICTIM OF SATAN'S WORK! They would find them still useful, when they met with several trials. Who is there who does not wish something for himself, either of interest, wealth, honor, pleasure, convenience or liberty? And he who thinks his mind loose from these subjects, that soon or never his attachment to them, were he stupified. If there are found in a whole age three persons so dead to everything, as to be utterly resigned to Providence, without any exception, they may well pass for prodigies of grace.

One day I sat at four in the morning, with a strong impression that my father was dead; and though my soul was in great contentment, yet my love for him affected it with sorrow, and my body with weakness.

In the afternoon I was with the absent. I told him I had strong impressions that my father was dead. Presently one came from my husband to inform me my father was ill. I said, "He is dead. I have no doubt about it." I sent to Paris immediately, to hire a coach, to go the sooner; mine waited for me at the midway.

I was obliged, about midnight, to get into a carriage, and travel by land and robbery. The most rapid dreading it, but my resignation left me scarce any room to think about it. Oh, what fears and uneasiness does a resigned soul spare itself!

I found on my arrival, that my

you are praying to our Jesus," and dropping on her knees, would begin to pray too. She was innocent, modest, dutiful, endearing and beautiful. Her father doted on her, and to me she was dear more for the qualities of her mind than her beautiful person. She was my consolation; for she had aversion to me, as her brother had aversion. She died of an unseasonable bleeding.

There remained to me only the son of my sorrow. He fell ill to the point of death, but was restored at the prayer of Mother Granger, now my only companion. God, I am more wretched for my child than for my mother. Both died in July, 1872. From henceforth crosses were not spared me, yet they were only the shadows of me, yet they have since passed through, pursuant to a marriage contract which I had entered into with Christ. In this spiritual matrimony I claimed for my dowry only crosses—sorrows, persecutions, ignominy, lowliness, and nothingness of self, which in His great goodness, and for wise ends, He has been pleased to grant me.

(To be continued.)

"OUR WORK FOR THE POOR PRESENTS, IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AN OBJECT LESSON OF THE TEACHING OF CHRIST IN THE FIRST. IT IS, AS WAS SAID BY ONE OF THE ABLEST OF CRITICS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED IT, 'A WINDOW ON TO EARTH THROUGH WHICH THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS SHINING.' HELP US."—The Chief-of-the-Staff.

POWER.

"Even me Lord, even me Lord, Let Thy Power descend on me."

That song was running through my mind and soul, until I felt the fountain of God's blessing was open upon me. Thoughts of this kind came to me: Is it does not matter what kind of people we are, what talents we possess, or what outward gifts we may have, or the reality of the gifts we have? "Even me Lord, even me Lord, let thy power descend on me." Others may rush by us in the way of achievement, and we may feel in consequence of this, that everything we seem to do we fail in (for the devil may make us believe that), but to succeed with the Spirit of God is with more than any other gifts we could possess. At the ability to speak well, make a meeting go, to be able to sing beautifully, or play an instrument, are good; but there are none of these things which can take the place of a spirit-filled life. Oh, for more of it. I thank God, for the progress of persecution, or the perplexing of perplexing difficulties, or the thousand and one ways that difficulties may have or besetting your track, cannot prevent this untold blessing of God to us coursing through your veins. Then, who can estimate the value of a spirit armed with the Word of God? One without it? It keeps us for our work in dealing with men and women for eternity, and keeps the fountains of our souls from drying up. Oh, how much effort people put forth in all they do (which is right and honest, but, an. o. the meekness we go through with the Spirit of God) and let me estimate your army before through and through? Oh, have you never as yet had the power from on high fall upon you? If you have not, do not rest until God has come into you like a mighty rushing wind, and you can sing, "Lord, let Thy power descend on me." I tell you, one meeting you eat with theunction of the Holy Ghost resting upon you will accomplish more for God and souls than hundreds without. I don't say you will see everybody in the meeting coming to the patient form, but your words will "last." G. D. says, "In the last days, I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh." He wants to pour it out upon you now.

F. B. B.

APPOINTMENTS

OF

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby Friday, November 4th.
Buffalo, N.Y. Sunday and Monday, November 20th and 21st.
Halifax, N.S. Tuesday, November 29th.
Truro, N.S. Thursday, December 1st.
Montreal Sunday, December 4th.

For Particulars see Announcements in Local Papers.

to help them. Being refused by others, they all came to me. "Oh, my Divine love," I cried, "It is Thy substance I distribute to them according to Thy will." I found means to relieve them without letting my friends know, because I had one who dispensed my means privately.

I caused young girls to be taught how to eat the livelihood, especially such as were handicapped, that being employed and having wherewithal to live, they might not be tempted to throw themselves away. GOD USED ME TO RECLAIM SEVERAL FROM THEIR DISORDERLY LIVES. I went to the sick to comfort them, to make them feel their bodies. I made oilointments, dressed their wounds, laid them to bed, furnished traddamen and medicines whereverwith to keep them up their

father was already buried, on account of the excessive heat. As I was weak, not having taken any nourishment, I was put to bed.

Always in the morning my husband got up, and having gone out of my chamber, returned presently, crying out, "My daughter is dead!" She was my only daughter, dearly beloved, truly lovely. She had so many graces both of body and mind, one must have been insensible not to have loved her. We buried her in the garden of God. Often she was found in corners at prayer. As soon as she presented me at prayer, she came and joined; and if she discovered I had been without her, she would weep and cry, "Ah, ummer, you pray, but I don't." When we were alone and she saw my eyes closed, said while I lay you asleep?" and then cry out, "Ah, no,

The venerable Father Lewall once entered a missionary meeting just as the collectors were taking their hats. The chairman of the meeting requested him to pray. The old gentleman stood hesitating. The request was repeated louder. Still no response; but the aged man took it in his pocket, took out some money, and put it in the contribution box.

The Chairman, thinking he had not understood, said loudly, "I didn't ask you to give, Father Lewall, I only asked you to pray."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I heard, but I couldn't pray till I had given something."

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

Positions Little Altered this Week—The Eastern Star Overtakes Bennett—
The Rear Strengthening.

The gathering of officers at Toronto for councils has, to some extent, interfered with the regular reporting of the hustlers in the three Ontario Provinces, therefore it is easily understood why these Provinces show a considerable increase in the number of hustlers reported.

Pugnire has overtaken Bennett, who now is fourth in the list. Still, this week is hardly a fair one to make comparison. So we shall wink at the omission of some hustlers' returns and modify our remarks.

We cannot, however, pass by the evident increase of hustlers in the Pacific, the North-West and the Newfoundland Provinces. The increase is not striking, but is steady, and we have every hope that we shall be in a position to double the space for the list of hustlers reported from these parts.

CHAMPION HUSTLERS' ROLL.

Capt. C. Allen, Westville, N. S.	243
Capt. Halloway, Charlottetown, P. E. I.	210
Capt. Hellman, London, Ont.	230
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont.	225
Capt. L. Wilson, St. Albans, Vt.	210
Cadet Taylor, St. John I. N. B.	157
Sister Pearce, Temple	166
Sister Lewis, Victoria, B. C.	153
Lieut. McLean, Prescott, Ont.	153
Lieut. Hacklin, Brantford, Ont.	125
Ensign Collett, Brantford, Ont.	125
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	125
Lieut. Butcher, Cornwall, Ont.	111
Cand. D. Lord, Picton, N. S.	113
Capt. Green, Brockville, Ont.	12
Sergt.-Major Veno, Halifax, N. S.	110
Mrs. Addy, McDonald, Kingston, Ont.	108
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	106
Capt. Bowring, Glace Bay, C. B.	105
Mrs. Sergt. Rock, Chatham, Ont.	105
Lieut. Sleeth, Morrisburg, Ont.	105
Capt. Cook, Yeaman, Chatham	100
Capt. Cockrell, Forest	75
Lieut. Copeman, Clinton	75
Jessie Couch, Stratford	74
Sergt. Grace, Craft, Chatham	69
Lieut. Jordison, Amherstburg	68
Mrs. Boxall, Windsor	65
Sister M. Shuster, Windsor	65
Ensign Gamble, Petrolia	65
Sister D. Bond, Wingham	67
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	55
Cand. A. B. Carley, Ridgeway	55
Capt. Stote, Ingersoll	54
Lieut. Beach, Seaford	52
Adjt. Collett, Stratford	49
Sister M. Shuster, Berlin	45
Capt. Stevens, Stratford	43
Lieut. Cann, Dresden	43
Sergt. Palmer, London	40
Cand. L. Ringer, Ridgetown	40
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas	38
Sergt. R. Palmer,宾海恩	37
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	37
Low, Seaford	26
Sergt. M. Wilson, Tilbury	35
Capt. F. Burton, Windsor	33
Capt. Coe, Essex	31
Capt. McLeod, Ridgetown	31
Sergt. Mrs. Hall, London	30
Capt. G. Park, Chatham	30
Sister Rumble, Hincklin	30
Ensign Hale, Seaford	29
Sister H. Erb, Berlin	26
Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London	25
Mrs. Cutting, Essex	25
Mrs. McQuarrie, Brantford	25
Adjt. Collett, Stratford	25
Capt. Dowell, Tilbury	25
Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham	24
Sergt. Knapp, Ingersoll	24
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg	23
Mrs. McHoy, St. Thomas	22
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	22
Bro. Pinnell, London	21
Lottie Cannon, Ingersoll	20
Sergt. Lenkins, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

55 Hustlers.

Capt. Hellman, London	230
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	225
Lieut. Hacklin, Brantford	125
Ensign Collett, Brantford	125
Mrs. Sergt. Rock, Chatham	105
Lieut. Pickle, Wallaceburg	90
Lieut. Fife, Picton	85
Capt. Cook, Yeaman, Chatham	80
Capt. Cockrell, Forest	75
Lieut. Copeman, Clinton	75
Jessie Couch, Stratford	74
Sergt. Grace, Craft, Chatham	69
Lieut. Jordison, Amherstburg	68
Mrs. Boxall, Windsor	65
Sister M. Shuster, Windsor	65
Ensign Gamble, Petrolia	65
Sister D. Bond, Wingham	67
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	55
Cand. A. B. Carley, Ridgetown	55
Capt. Stote, Ingersoll	54
Lieut. Beach, Seaford	52
Adjt. Collett, Stratford	49
Sister M. Shuster, Berlin	45
Capt. Stevens, Stratford	43
Lieut. Cann, Dresden	43
Sergt. Palmer, London	40
Cand. L. Ringer, Ridgetown	40
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas	38
Sergt. R. Palmer,宾海恩	37
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	37
Low, Seaford	26
Sergt. M. Wilson, Tilbury	35
Capt. F. Burton, Windsor	33
Capt. Coe, Essex	31
Capt. McLeod, Ridgetown	31
Sergt. Mrs. Hall, London	30
Capt. G. Park, Chatham	30
Sister Rumble, Hincklin	30
Ensign Hale, Seaford	29
Sister H. Erb, Berlin	26
Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London	25
Mrs. Cutting, Essex	25
Mrs. McQuarrie, Brantford	25
Adjt. Collett, Stratford	25
Capt. Dowell, Tilbury	25
Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham	24
Sergt. Knapp, Ingersoll	24
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg	23
Mrs. McHoy, St. Thomas	22
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	22
Bro. Pinnell, London	21
Lottie Cannon, Ingersoll	20
Sergt. Lenkins, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

52 Hustlers.

Sister Pearce, Temple	156
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	88

SPLENDID VALUES IN

OVERCOATING

Entirely New Lines.

Guaranteed Fast Color.

Without Cap.	With Cap.
\$20 00	\$26 00
19 00	25 00
18 00	23 50
17 00	22 00
16 00	21 00
14 00	19 00

WE ARE ALSO CARRYING A GOOD RELIABLE LINE OF
MEN'S AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR & HOSE

For Winter Use.

ENTIRELY NEW GOODS

FOR MEN

Shirt and Drawers, Natural Wool, per piece	\$0 50
" " Mottled, fleece lined, per piece	0 70
" " Alaska,	1 00
Half hose, per pair, at 20c. and	0 30

FOR LADIES.

Fleece lined Vests and Drawers, per pair	\$1 00
" " Starter" Vests, each, 25c. and	0 50
Hygienic Drawers, per pair, 32c. and	0 40
Cashmere Hose, per pair, 30c. 40c. and	0 50

Sister S. Pitcher, Sydney	36
Sergt. Allen, St. John I.	35
Brot. Read, St. John I.	35
Capt. Piercy, Houlton, Me.	35
Sergt.-Major Harding, Yarmouth	33
Sergt. Rodgers, Windsor	30
Lieut. A. McIvor, St. Stephen	30
Sister Pearce, Bear River	29
Lieut. Payne, Bear River	28
Capt. Semberton, St. John I.	28
Capt. Semberton, St. John I.	27
Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II.	25
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Cheltenham	25
Sergt. Faulkner, Windsor	20
Sister Holden, Windsor	20
Sister E. White, Houlton, Me.	20
Capt. Campbell, Kentville	20
Bro. Archeson, St. John I.	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

40 Hustlers.

CAPT. L. WILSON, St. Albans	210
Capt. McFarlane, Prescott	190
Irs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	125
Jeut. Butcher, Cornwall	116
apt. Green, Brockville	112
Irs. McAmmond, Kingston	108
Capt. Dwyer, Glace Bay	106
Iers. Sleath, Morrisburg	106
apt. Connors, Morrisburg	104
Jeut. Tracey, Montreal I.	103
ergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.	103
apt. Crogo, Sunbury	94
Djt. Goodwin, Ottawa	92
Wright, Woods, Nanaimo	92
apt. Patten, Newport	75
djt. Burditt, Montreal I.	75
apt. Chappell, Deseronto	74
trs. Capt. Bearcliff, Trenton	63
apt. Banks, Barre, Vt.	63
apt. McLean, Morrisburg	55
apt. Williams, Pembroke	55
Jeut. Latimer, Brighton	50
sign. Walker, Belleville	50
rgt. Thompson, Belleville	45
apt. Amy Norman, Nanapane	45
apt. Major Mrs. Simmons, Kings-	45
ton	45
Brady, Cornwall	41
McAmmond, Kingston	39
pt. Nyland, Odessa	38
Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston	37
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	30
Bro. H. McLean, Sunbury	30
Capt. Baillie, Bismarck	28
Sergt.-Major Douglass, Cornwall	26
Capt. Liddell, Montreal I.	26
Mrs. Dean, Prescott	26
Sister Waugh, Ottawa	25
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II.	20
Sister Suderman, Langton	20
Bro. J. Albert, Sunbury	20
Sister McDonald, Sunbury	20
Bro. Arch McDonald, Sunbury	20
Bro. J. Kelly, Sunbury	20
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

23 Hustlers.

Cadet Russell, Winnipeg	78
Sister McNabb, Portage la Prairie	75
Cadet Hagen, Winnipeg	75
Cadet Bland, Rat Portage	75
Lieut. Clark, Minot	62
Lieut. Liddle, Budson, Lethbridge	50
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	49
Cadet Cwtts, Winnipeg	49
Capt. Graham, Mineola	49
Ensign E. Hayes, Fargo	40
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	40
Sarah Craswell, Valley City	35
Cadet Kryter, Rat Portage	33
Cand. M. Underwood, Rat Portage	32
Cadet Wier, Winnipeg	31
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg	26
Capt. Charlton, Fargo	25
Capt. Habirk, Portage la Prairie	25
Capt. Adams, Rat Portage	23
Cand. Hooper, Valley City	23
Bro. Sitter, Valley City	23

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

15 Hustlers.

Sister Lewis, Victoria	154
Capt. Knell, Nelson	86
Capt. Thoroldson, Nanaimo	80
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Wallace	67
Mrs. McLean, Ladysmith	65
Capt. Lester, Rossland	65
Ensign Stanbury, Anaconda	59
Lieut. Langill, Missoula	48

Ask your Provincial Officer to show you these goods and we are convinced you will give us your order. Respectfully,

THE TRADE SECRETARY.



Tunes.—Eaton (B.J. 167); Euphony (B.J. 123); Sovereignty (B.J. 229); Stella (B.J. 25).

1 Give me the faith that can remove
And sink the mountains to a plain:

Give me the childlike, praying love
That longs to build Thy home again.
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone;
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known
And turn them to a pard'ning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus's blood.

My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live,
My every sacred moment spend,
In publishing the sinner's friend.

My Shepherd

Tune.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (B.J. 170; S.M. I, 105, 88).

2 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and minister
The lamb and lamb of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art.
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on Thy b'som recline,
And screened from the heat of day.

Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode:
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for sinner declare,
This passion and death on the tree:
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to rest:
To lie at the foot of the Rock.
Or rise in the might of Thy breast.
The love I could always abide,
And never a moment depart:
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held it, Thy heart.

Since Jesus Came to Stay.

3 Come, listen unto me,
And a story I will tell:
How Jesus Christ the Son of God
Came in the flesh to dwell.
For by the nightingale's power,
He's taken my sins away;
And I have a life that's filled with joy.
Since Jesus came to stay.

Chorus.

Oh, oh, what a happy day,
When Jesus came to stay:
For though my sins were crimson red,
He's taken them right away.

Before my Saviour came,
I was always getting down;
The least thing put my temper out,
And a trifle made me frown.
But the devil has cleared right out,
And taken his traps away,
And I have a joy without alloy,
Since Jesus came to stay.

Since Jesus came to stay
The devil has lost his grip:
I'll sail no more on his sinking barque,
I'm sailing in the Gospel ship.
She's rigged in splendid style,
In the true salvation way,
And folks on board are singing all
the time.
Since Jesus came to stay.

Since Jesus came to stay
The Lord Jesus Christ is the pilot
on board,

SING, AND LET THE PEOPLE

HEAR! SHOUT, SOLDIERS SHOUT, AND!

Chorus.
Come to Jesus sinner, take Him as
your Saviour.
He will fail you never; oh, let the
Saviour in.

For the Saviour now is waiting,
Waiting now to save your soul:
He will pardon and forgive you,
Will wash, cleanse and make you
whole.
He will cleanse you. He will keep you.
If you only trust in Him,
Come just now and He will save you.
Come and let the Saviour in.

Mrs. R. C. Goodchild.

They are Coming Home to Jesus.

6 They are coming to the Saviour,
They are turning from the
wrong,
They are bringing hearts and souls
by sin enslaved:
Oh, ye sinners hovering o'er us, hear:
They are never abiding in song,
They are coming home to Jesus to
be saved.

They are coming home to Jesus to
be saved,
They are coming home to Jesus to be
saved,
They are coming home,
They are coming home,
They are coming home to be saved.

Sinners, He prays for you and me—
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!"
They know not that by Me they live!

Thou loving, all-stoning Lamb,
They bear Thy painful agony,
They bloody sweat, Thy grief and
shame.

They cross and passion on the tree,
Thy priceless death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my
tears,
The story of Thy love repeat
In every dropping sinner's ear,
That all may hear the quickening
sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

COMING EVENTS

The Territorial Secretary.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

Will visit the following places in the

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE:

WINNIPEG, Saturday to W.d. esday,
Nov. 5 to 9.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Thurs., Nov.
10.

CARBFERRY Friday, November 11.
BRANDON, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 12, 13.

REGINA, Monday, November 11.

CALGARY, Wednesday, November 16.

VANCOUVER, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
Nov. 19, 20, 21.

NEW WESTMINSTER, Tues., Nov.
22.

VICTORIA, Wed. and Thur., Nov. 23.

SPOKANE, Sun., Mon. and Tues., Nov.
27, 28, 29.

NELSON, Wed., Nov. 30.

MISSOULA, Fri., Dec. 2.

BUTTE, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 2,
4, 5.

HELENA, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 6, 7.

LIVINGSTON, Thurs., Dec. 8.

BILLINGS, Fri., Dec. 9.

JAMESTOWN, Sun. and Mon., Dec.
11, 12.

GRAND FORKS, Tues., Dec. 13.

FARGO, Wed., Dec. 14.

MRS. BRIGADIER READ,

Women's Social Secretary,
will visit

Hamilton, Nov. 10. (Farewell and in-
stallation of Rescue Home Macons.)

Ottawa, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 11,
13, 14.

Ottawa, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 11,
12.

St. Albans, Wed., Dec. 14.

Burlington, Thurs., Dec. 15.

Baird, Fri., Dec. 16.

Montreal, Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.,
Dec. 17, 18, 19, 20. (Opening of new
Women's Shelter.)

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Pugmire's Proposed Tour

Yarmouth, Saturday and Sunday, Nov.
12th and 13th.

Windsor, Monday, Nov. 14th. (Officers
and So d'trs. Councils.)

Halfax L. Tu. today, Nov. 15th. (Officers
and Soldiers' Councils)

Springhill, W.d. esday, Nov. 16th. (Offi-
cers and Soldiers' Councils.)

Moncton, Thurs., Nov. 17th. (Officers
and Soldiers' Councils)

Newcastle, Friday, Nov. 18th. (Officers
and Soldiers' Councils.)

NEXT WEEK!

SPECIAL

SELF-DENIAL NUMBER

OF

THE WAR CRY.

YOU MUST GET A COPY!

Its Chief Feature will be . . .

CHARITY,"

An Article from the Masterly

Pen of THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, Illustrated by
a large reproduction of a Famous Painting.

For the Lord Jesus Christ is the pilot
on board,

And He knows the river quite well;
And there never was a snag or a sand-
bar there,

Or which the blessed Lord couldn't
tell.

When He's up there at the wheel, you
can always safely feel.

There will never be the devil to pay:
Get your baggage on the deck;

Don't forget to get your check,
For you can't steal aboard and hide
away.

Solo.

Tunes.—Silver threads (B.J. 19); In
the gloaming; Let me love Thee,
Saviour (B.J. 154).

5 Christ has died on Calvary,
Died to save you from your sin,
Died that you might be forgiven,
Died that you might heaven w.n.
For He loved your soul, so precious,
That He came and died for you.
Oh, come to Him, love and serve Him,
For He has done so much for you.

They have heard the Spirit calling.
They are still calling yet again,
Now they seek to part from sins that
have enslaved.

Oh, Thou precious loving Saviour, help
them in the way to night!

They are coming home to Jesus to
be saved.

Does that man who is a sinner going
with the sinful throng?

Does he see the danger signal o'er
him waved?

Will he join the friends and loved ones
who have prayed and waited long
For his coming home to Jesus to
be saved?

Salvation.

Tune.—Sovereignty (B.J. 21; S.M.
I, 493).

7 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder
tree?
What means that strange, expiring
cry?

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